

THE  
LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1848.

REMAINS OF THE PORT OF TYRE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

TYRE, a city of Phœnicia, and the most celebrated emporium of the ancient world, was situated on the southeast coast of the Mediterranean, and was founded about seventeen hundred years before the Christian era. Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Ezekiel, who flourished about six hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ, speak of Tyre as a city of unrivaled wealth, whose "merchants were princes, and her traffickers the honorable of the earth." The city, at first, was built on the main land; but having been long and repeatedly besieged by Nebuchadnezzar, the inhabitants removed themselves and their effects to an island at a short distance from the original site of Tyre, and commenced building a new city, which soon rose into considerable repute for its commercial advantages and prosperity. The old city changed its name to Palætyre, or Old Tyre, and the new city adopted the simple name of Tyre.

Tyre continued to flourish, extending its commerce on all hands, until it was attacked by Alexander the Great. This attack was one of great severity, and Alexander found more difficulty in subduing the hardy Tyrians than in overthrowing the Persian empire. They fought with unparalleled courage, and the capture of the city was not effected until a mound was carried from the main land to the island on which it was built. Immediately upon conquering the place, Alexander imposed grievous burdens and exactions upon the citizens—such, in fact, as would for ever disgrace the character of any man pretending to honesty and uprightness of character. Despite, however, of the cruelties inflicted upon the city, it still continued to live and flourish, and would probably have reached to almost its former degree of eminence had not another city been founded by its conqueror. Alexandria, by diverting the commerce that had centred at Tyre, gave her an irreparable blow, and she continued to decline until, in the language of the prophet, "she became a place for the spreading of nets in the midst of the sea."

Mr. McCullough is of the opinion that the navigation and commerce of Tyre reached their maximum from six hundred and fifty to five hundred and

fifty years before Christ. At this time the Tyrians were the factors and merchants of the civilized world. The twenty-seventh chapter of Ezekiel contains a graphic description of the magnificence and glory of Tyre. "Thy borders are in the midst of the seas, thy builders have perfected thy beauty. They have made all thy ship-boards of fir trees of Senir: they have taken cedars from Lebanon to make masts for thee. Of the oaks of Bashan have they made thine oars; the company of the Ashurites have made thy benches of ivory, brought out of the isles of Chittim." See the chapter itself for a full description, and for an enumeration of the most valuable productions found in her markets, and the countries whence they were brought.

But not only were the citizens of Tyre celebrated for the wealth and the extent of their navigation and commerce: they were almost solely the inventors of all those arts, sciences, and contrivances, employed in facilitating the prosecution of commercial undertakings. Some historians, among whom we may mention Herodotus, state that they are to be held as the inventors of arithmetic, weights and measures, of money, and in fine of almost every thing pertaining to the business of a counting-house. They were likewise famous for the invention of ship-building, the discovery of glass, the manufacture of fine linen and tapestry, skill in architecture, and the working of metals and ivory, and, above all, for the incomparable splendor and beauty of their purple dye. The Greeks were indebted to the Phœnicians, not simply for the rudiments of civilization, but for that other and higher gift—their knowledge of letters.

But Tyre is no more. The sun of her glory has gone down in darkness and oblivion. Her riches, and her fairs, her merchandise, her mariners, and her pilots, her calkers, and the occupiers of her merchandise, and all her men of war, that were in her, and all the company that was in the midst of her, have fallen into the midst of the seas, in the day of her ruin. Where she once stood, now stands the inconsiderable town of Tsour, of scarcely fifteen hundred inhabitants, whose harbor offers no anchorage to vessels, but is choked up with the ruins that once made Tyre itself the beauty of the whole earth.

## POWERS, THE SCULPTOR.

BY REV. A. STEVENS, A. M.

## THE GREEK SLAVE.

No little interest has been excited, among the cultivated citizens of our "literary metropolis," by the exhibition of Powers' Greek Slave. The artistic critics, of good taste—of whom there are not a few here—express a proud and just admiration of it as a national honor, while our dilettanti are "going off" in ecstasies, as usual when any new indigenous pretension appears. The extraordinary excellence of Mr. Powers' busts in clay, before he had yet ventured to use the chisel, excited, not many years since, high hopes of him among our best judges; and now that a splendid monument of his genius—equaling the best works of modern sculpture—stands in our midst, embodying more than our finest hopes, a feeling of profound gratulation is expressed generally, as if the question of American pretensions to art were decided. And surely the pride of a great community at such elevated genius in a fellow-citizen is a generous and noble sentiment. But recently we sent one of the humble children of our wilderness to the chosen land of ancient and modern art, and to-day that very land pays us the national tribute of recognizing him as at the head of living sculptors, and a competitor for the palm with the great masters of the antique.

I propose to give you a rapid sketch of Mr. Powers' personal history, and a frank opinion of his genius.

From the fact that he first attracted public attention in your city, it has been generally supposed that he is of western birth. This is not correct, however—he is a "Yankee"—a Vermonter—born at Woodstock, in 1805. His parents, early in his life, removed to the neighborhood of your noble city. He was, soon after, left an orphan, and, if we may judge from pretty authentic intimations, had a severe conflict with poverty, that purifying ordeal and stern invigorator of true genius—its ancient companion, that usually sticketh closer to it than a brother. He was compelled to exert himself for a livelihood. Like a genuine Yankee, he betook himself to his wits—his inventive genius. He undertook an exhibition of wax-figures in Cincinnati, and thus hit upon a means—humble enough, indeed, but not without peculiar facilities—of developing the latent but superb genius with which he was gifted; for it was in modeling and grouping wax-figures that he first became conscious of a manual tact and instinctive aptitude for his high art. He had never yet seen a bust, and was, it is affirmed, ignorant even of the existence of any such art as sculpture. Mr. Everett, our late Minister to England, says:

"The mechanical exhibition at Cincinnati, in the construction and superintendence of which Mr. Powers passed some years of his youth, though seemingly

a humble field, required a high degree of talent. Nothing could be more successful in its way, no great proof, it is true, of merit. Mr. Powers lavished on the wax-work figures and groups the first energies of that plastic skill, which will live for ever in his marble. Some of his moving figures were brought to perfection by months of assiduous labor, and the application of the most ingenious mechanical contrivances. There is no doubt that his novitiate in this humble sphere was an excellent school for the development of the mechanical skill which he possesses in an eminent degree."

Not only did his mechanical tact disclose itself in these humbler efforts, but the idea of the aspiration for something higher took possession of his mind, and became an abiding passion with him. Migliari-ni, whom Mr. Everett pronounces one of the most learned critics in Italy, says, in an Italian journal, that had sculpture not existed he would inevitably have founded it.

While thus vaguely entertaining the idea of the art, he accidentally saw a bust of Washington. This was in his seventeenth year, and it was the first specimen of sculpture he had yet seen. It deeply impressed him; but he knew no one who could describe the process of its preparation. He struggled on, nevertheless, cherishing the fond hope of realizing, by some means, however yet mysterious, the ideal images which floated in dreamy visions before his mind. At last some one acquainted with sculpture, and accustomed to model in clay, came across his path in Cincinnati. This was a propitious day in his calendar. From this individual he learned the process of modeling, and of taking casts from models. The Italian critic above referred to says:

"Eagerly to endeavor to imitate the works of this individual; then to make an attempt from life, first with a view to equal and then to surpass what he had seen; finally, to succeed in making beautiful likenesses, such certainly as he had witnessed no example of before; all this was so rapidly accomplished, that it is not easy to relate the steps of the progress, so swift was his flight, borne on the pinions of a happy genius."

Mr. Powers felt now that his appropriate career—that which was demanded by the native predilection of his genius—had opened before him. He entered it with an elastic and confident step. Whosoever thus feels about any pursuit need fear no failure. They who doubt of their natural destination, have failed of just self-inspection. The pursuit, in art or ordinary life, which the mind *relishes*, the toil of which becomes pleasant to it, and the intricacies or difficulties of which excite its avidity—that is the pursuit for *success*. The food which the unperverted appetite approves, and to which it returns with pleasure on the return of hunger, is its appropriate nourishment—Nature never deceives us. Other criteria may help to decide the question; but this one



furnishes its decisive solution. Different pursuits than such as are thus indicated may be more needed in given cases, as means of livelihood; but if *perfection*, not pecuniary gain, is the object aimed at, the natural aptitude of the mind should be the paramount rule in the choice; for if this congeniality between the taste and the pursuit did not indicate infallibly a congeniality of capacity as well as of taste, yet the latter would be more likely than any other means to create the former.

We know not how far Mr. Powers consulted pecuniary results in devoting his attention to sculpture. The prospect of such advantage, especially in this country, was certainly not very flattering at that time; but, though quite poor, he abandoned himself to the instinct of his genius. Modeling in clay became his delight. He passed from city to city, till he reached Washington, where his success in making clay busts of distinguished legislators, attracted general attention. Those who had the pleasure of seeing some of these early efforts of his skill, will remember how life-like, notwithstanding their material, how wondrously *real* they seemed. However doubtful had hitherto been the pecuniary prospect of his art, his success at Washington proved to him, that an indefinite extent of business was at his command—that fame and wealth even were at last within his reach. It is when a struggling mind wakes up thus to the consciousness of the reality of its fond dreams, that it leaps at once into an attitude of determined strength and courage, seizing with rejuvenating gladness and vigor on the means within its reach, and using them with the confidence which constitutes half their efficiency and secures half their success. Mr. Powers determined to remain no longer satisfied with models, but to venture into the midst of European art, and, embodying his models in the enduring stone, challenge for them the criticism of European genius.

He went to Italy, and establishing himself at Florence, wrought his modeled busts into marble. The remarkable perfection of these productions gave him at once distinguished reputation, in even that land of artists—artists, too, who are noted for the nationality of their prejudices, and who have found it exceedingly hard to accord—as in the cases of Thorwaldsen and our own countryman—the palm of superiority to foreigners. The busts of Powers “commanded,” says the Italian already quoted, “the admiration of the connoisseurs who beheld them.” “At the very first glance,” he adds, “Mr. Powers rose to the just conception of a kind of representation which should contain, in union with all the characteristic parts, the natural and expressive spirit of each individual. He has dedicated himself to the preservation of the whole character, while at the same time he imitates the porosities and habitual wrinkles of the skin; so that he might be called the Denner of sculpture. He spares no pains to make

every head preserve, in every the smallest part, that harmonious type—composed at once of unity and variety—which belongs to itself; a special quality of nature which escapes the eye of many. Such a union of rare capacities becomes marvelous in one who could have no previous knowledge of the labors of the Greeks, nor of the works of Donatello, of Mino di Fiesole, and Gimbarelli.”

Lord Brougham somewhere says that the selfishness of our nature seldom allows us to give unmixed credit to another—we generally have a “but” to set off against our favorable admissions—a sort of self-complacent compliment to our own judgments, which, in conceding excellences, can also detect defects that the subject of our praise had not ability to see. If a man succeeds in one respect we are apt to depreciate him in all others. He may be a poet, “but” he is then no orator; he may write with elegance and sentiment, “but” then he cannot write profoundly; he may be profound in abstract speculations, “but” then he must be a dolt in respect to all practical wisdom. The artists of Italy were compelled to admit that Powers had placed himself at the head of the art so far as the execution of busts was concerned; and the cordial-hearted Thorwaldsen is said to have come, astonished, out of the American artist’s studio, exclaiming that he could not make such busts; that there were none superior to them, ancient or modern. But it was assumed that the new genius could not excel in the more elevated departments of the art; that he had indeed a fine tact of hand, was a superb chiseler, and an accurate imitator, but lacked the higher genius requisite for an original work of sentiment. So far as the appreciation and expression of beauty is concerned, this objection has been silenced. He had executed, at our last hearing, at least four fancy heads, which have commanded emphatic praise as works of exquisite beauty. Two of these belong to full female figures, the Eve and the Greek Slave, productions which have determined his fame for ever.

No exhibition of sculpture ever made in this country, has excited more interest than this single statue of the Greek Slave. The *tout ensemble* of the work is quite simple. It represents a Greek maiden, exposed, in a nude state, for sale, in the slave bazaar of Constantinople. She stands with one hand extended in modest self-defense, like the Venus di Medici; the other rests upon a support from which hangs a Greek drapery. A cross, showing that she is a Christian, and a locket, indicating that she is beloved, are seen amidst the drapery. The statue is about five feet and a half high. The material is the finest marble we have ever seen used for any purpose whatever. It is superior to that of Carrara in the purity of its color and the compactness of its structure. The Italians owe to the Yankee sagacity of Mr. Powers the discovery and introduction to the public of this superior material. It is from the

quarries of Scrovezza, to which his busts have directed the attention of artists.

The Greek Slave was completed in 1842, and sold to an English gentleman. Its exhibition in London, in 1844, excited great interest; and the English metropolitan press, not usually too partial to American talent, was unanimous in its applause of the new artist. Several copies from the original statue have been executed. One was recently exhibited in the middle states. It belongs to a citizen of New Orleans, who allowed its exhibition for the benefit of the artist. Another is the one now in Boston, which still belongs to Mr. Powers. The proceeds of the exhibition of this likewise go to the artist. Mr. Powers is also at work on a fourth copy for an English nobleman. In all artistic respects these repetitions are intrinsically as valuable as the original statue—the latter being but a copy from the same model from which the former have been executed.

We promised to give a frank opinion respecting the genius of our distinguished countryman, choosing the present work as the maturest specimen of his powers. We pretend to no practiced skill in artistic criticism. What we shall venture to say must then be taken on the credit of its candor and what authority may belong to impartial common sense. We have watched with no small degree of national pride the rapid progress of Mr. Powers' reputation, but shall guard against that adulation with which our fellow-citizens are too apt to speak of whatever appeals to the national vanity. Most American opinions thus far expressed respecting this statue have been enthusiastic and unqualified. A few only have suggested objections, not without receiving decided rebuke for their temerity. A frank critic would find in it claims upon his warmest admiration, but also, we think, defects too manifest and serious to be passed without remark.

In viewing the Greek Slave, we are strongly reminded of the *mechanical skill* of the artist—one of the humbler qualifications of the sculptor, but, nevertheless, an indispensable one. Mr. Everett refers, in a quotation already given, to the manual dexterity which he acquired, or rather developed—for it is inherent in his genius—by his contrivances in wax-work at Cincinnati. He had no sooner begun his labors in Italy than he found the usual instruments of the art too cumbersome for his delicate tact of hand, and invented several new ones, both for the clay and the marble. The nicety of his mechanical execution is visible in all his productions. In his busts it is displayed in a bold deviation from the prevalent Italian school, which is characterized by an exaggerated taste for the heroic or ideal. Mr. Powers, on the contrary, closely copies nature, even to the indentations, wrinkles, and porosities of the skin. He gives, in fact, a precise copy; but let it not be inferred that this exact truthfulness is confined to the physical outlines—the mere conformation of the

integuments of the face and head—this any servile copyist could do; but Mr. Powers copies the characteristic expression of his subject, and you see not only a full or meagre, a round or long face, but the generous or severe, the base or noble character which informs it. We must not be understood to say that he imparts to his busts the ideal elevation which is legitimate to the plastic arts, and is, indeed, their noblest excellence. We think him somewhat deficient here. In avoiding the ideal exaggeration of the prevalent school in Italy, he has gone, perhaps, too far in the opposite direction. He gives the character of his subjects, but that character is not heightened by the moral elevation which, according to Sir Joshua Reynolds' celebrated rule, for portraits, should be imparted to the likeness, so far as it will not neutralize the accuracy of the natural features. But more on this point hereafter. Mr. Powers' accuracy in copying both the material and characteristic peculiarities of his subjects, is universally acknowledged. Migliarini says that while examining his busts at Florence, a spectator, by his side, exclaimed, "Do you see that head? What penetration! How expressive those features! That must be a new Demosthenes! This has the undoubted likeness of an incorruptible guardian of the laws! That, full of calm, though mixed with energy, has the qualities of a dictator," &c. These heads represented not ideal conceptions of the artist, but the actual features and characters of American statesmen. Such is the manual skill of Mr. Powers, that it takes him but about twenty hours to complete, in its unrivaled excellence, one of these busts—productions which, in future ages, will stand as those of old Greece and Rome now do, in the great museums of the world, as the noble monuments which (as Pliny said of the art) *ennoble* the celebrity of great men.

The mechanical execution of the Greek Slave is wondrously perfect. Every lineament, every integument, every little crease is thoroughly defined, and this, too, without any undue sharpness of outline. Whatever higher qualities of taste the statue displays, this nicety of workmanship is so complete, and so beautifully true, that the spectator cannot fail to be struck with it. Mr. Powers' improved instruments, as well as his good taste, have enabled him to give a peculiarity to the marble surface which makes it resemble skin beyond any example of ancient or modern work in stone. He has none of the polish or smoothness of surface, contrary to the natural skin, and common, more or less, to ancient and modern sculptors, but "a delicate roughness, (if roughness it can be called,) which," says Mr. Everett, "absolutely counterfeits flesh, and produces an illusion, not merely beyond any thing we have seen in the works of Donatello, Mino di Fiesole, or Gambarelli, but beyond any thing we have witnessed from the chisel of any other artist." Another traveler, who saw his works in his studio at



Florence, remarks that, "as if nothing should be wanting which could serve in his calling, Nature has bestowed on him a talent, I may call it a genius, for mechanics, which—had it not been overborne by superior faculties, destined to lift him up into the highest field of human labor—would have gained for him a name and living as an inventive and practical machinist. It is now the pliant servant of nobler qualities, helping him to modeling tools, to facilities and securities for the elevation or removal of clay models, and to other contrivances in the economy of his studio."

A second marked trait of Mr. Powers is his exquisite appreciation of the beautiful. We venture the assertion, that *this is the distinctive characteristic of his genius*; and in this respect does he approach nearest to the perfection of the ideal. The Greek Slave appears absolutely instinct with beauty; the entire figure seems to be suffused with and to radiate it. This delicate susceptibility to the beautiful may, however, often exist, almost as an exclusive accomplishment of genius. It is far from presupposing the existence of the grander traits of the ideal. Minds are often formed full of the susceptibility of the sublime or terrible, whose perceptions of beauty are comparatively feeble. The highest element of the ideal is neither beauty nor sublimity, but *moral sentiment*. A well-executed painting of a flower, a humming bird, or a butterfly, might doubtless be exquisitely beautiful, but the critic who should discuss its ideal excellence would excite a smile. On the other hand, a true artist could take the meanest or most repulsive object *that is capable of moral associations*, and clothe it with the power of his genius—he could exhibit an idiot suffering under merciless wrongs in such manner as to wring the heart and constrain the tears of the spectator. The moral expression in art, then, constitutes its genuine greatness. The moral destinies which God has appointed man, and the moral instincts which pervade his being, and must abide when all that is physical or temporal has perished, demand thus the homage of the highest art; and the demand can never be compromised. Even heathenism, in embodying sensuality, had to put upon the Venus a shrinking modesty.

In remarking, as our third observation, that we think Mr. Powers deficient, as yet, in this higher attribute of his noble art, we are conscious of the risk we run among his admirers; yet we must insist that he fails in the *ideal* expression of *character*, and has done so seriously in the Greek Slave. His busts express the actual character, as we have fully admitted; but the legitimate ideal, while it retains, in the portrait or bust, the characteristic expression, throws over it, in addition, a subtil and ennobling indication of what that character might become—not merely its actual development, but the *higher capability* which its actual development reveals. This is the

high *morale* of true art—its divinest power—its chief utility. In this respect does it minister to the noblest tastes and best improvement of man; and when it fails here, it fails of its chief end. Beauty and sublimity are not its ends; they are but means to its end. One of Mr. Powers' admirers\* errs, we think, when, in commending his deviation from the "false school of art long dominant in Italy," he seems to condemn the study of the antique as tending to a hyperbolical ideal. The classic artists were right in impressing their noblest works with this moral elevation. In the plastic as in all other departments of art, old Greece is still the unquestionable exemplar of all that is beautiful and true. The marvelous advantage which she had in an unparalleled combination of noble prototypes, both moral and natural, with a national taste the most accurate, subtil, and exquisite ever yet displayed by man, will for ever render her models indisputable.†

While a few considerate judges, true friends to Mr. Powers, have ventured to intimate the above-mentioned defect, in his present work, nothing has been more emphatically asserted by the ecstatic dilettanti than the moral sentiment of the statue. Its transcendent beauty has, we apprehend, been confounded with such a sentiment. Every limb, every lineament is turned and finished with exquisite delicacy, a delicacy so complete that it amounts almost to a species of moral expression, and the spectator feels the truth of the poetic saying,

"A thing of beauty  
Is a joy for ever."

He will retain the impression for days as the remembrance of a beautiful vision—a dreamy image of loveliness which he can hardly compel himself to believe he has actually seen, but thinks a conception of his imagination beyond the power of art to realize. If this unparalleled embodiment of beauty were the whole and legitimate design of such a production, then would it be perfect; but we expect something even nobler. The artist summons us to behold something nobler, and we confess ourselves disappointed. Here is a youthful, a pure, a Christian woman, dragged from a virtuous home, exposed, entirely naked, in the market-place of a great city, amidst Turks—a people with whom she has been accustomed to associate every idea of barbarity and brutal sensuality. No unfortunate sister or other woman of her country is by her side, to share or sympathize with her heart-rending trial. What now would we expect to be the attitude and expression of such a

\* Scenes and Thoughts in Europe, by M. G. Calvert.

† The Greeks, if we may judge from the characteristic expression of the most familiar busts which have come down to us, were, it must be admitted, often truer to nature than to their ideal tastes. They have certainly not mitigated much the ugliness of Socrates, and the cramped head and writhing features of Demosthenes comport little with our idea of his sublime genius.

one in such circumstances? If the voluptuous Venus stoops, shrinks, and extends her hands in modest self-protection, what should we expect of a Christian maiden under similar exposure? We contend that all the proprieties of the case demand the most exquisite expressions of agonized sensibility; and we verily believe that if the indescribable beauty of the statue were thus blended with the agonies of expression which befit its character and circumstances, its moral appeal to the spectator would be the most touching and powerful that is conceivable. If we except some slight expression in the head, there is no such moral manifestation about the statue. There is no crouching, no shrinking in the attitude; it is entirely erect. One hand is, indeed, modestly extended before her, but the other rests indifferently upon the support by her side. The head, like that of the Venus, is averted; but its expression, so enthusiastically admired by many, presents to our eye that lack of deep emotion, which has been alledged, by a few impartial critics, as its capital defect. We do not deny that it has some character, but that it expresses such sensibility as the supposed circumstances demand. There is but one light in which we could catch a distinct expression of grief. The predominant indication is that of resignation, or what, in combination with the attitude, might, we think, be more justly called indifference—an expression which, we submit, is utterly incompatible with the conditions of the work. We will not venture to say, as some have, that if the chain on her arms (which is merely emblematic, for they were not really used) were removed, the Greek Slave might be taken for a nymph, or a beautiful woman, prepared for the bath, pausing to muse, in abstraction, on some serious and absent fact; this certainly would not be true; but we are compelled to say it would be nearer the truth than to say that the figure justly represents the emotions of a pure-minded woman under such circumstances.

Among the many notices of this really great work, none have been more enthusiastic than one by the Rev. Dr. Dewey. He says: "Mr. Powers' work seems to me to be characterized by a most remarkable simplicity and chasteness. Nature is his guide to the very letter. No extravagance, no straining after effect, no exaggeration to make things more beautiful; all is calm, sweet, simple nature. The chasteness in these statues is strongly contrasted with the usual voluptuousness of the antique, and it is especially illustrated by the air of total unconsciousness in the Eve and the Greek Slave." We remark on this passage, that no "straining after effect," no "exaggeration" could be possible in a case like this. The profoundest grief, the most shrinking modesty, would be no more than natural to the instinctive delicacy of a virtuous woman thus situated. Exaggerated expression is one of the worst faults in art of any kind; but there are cases in which it can

hardly be supposed; and sculpture, severe as it is, has, like painting, poetry, and eloquence, produced noble examples of extreme expression—the grief of Niobe and the agony of the Laocoon are familiar examples. The "total air of unconsciousness in Eve," is at least historically faithful, but in the Greek Slave it appears to us totally out of place. Mr. Dewey's attempt thus to turn an inadmissible defect into an enhancement of the moral expression of the statue, may be very creditable to the well-known excellence of his heart, but strikes us as a remarkable example of either ethical or esthetical judgment—an "air of total unconsciousness" in such circumstances!

Another writer represents this air of indifference as the sublime ideal of a virtue so exalted as to be "superior to suffering." "It represents a being superior to suffering, and raised above degradation, by inward purity and force of character. Thus the Greek Slave is an emblem of all trial to which humanity is subject, and may be regarded as a type of resignation, uncompromising virtue, or sublime patience." This is absolute war between ethics or esthetics. Can any mind of common sense admit such a moral solecism? We can conceive of virtue triumphing over and even suspending those instincts which refer only to *physical* pain or death, but never over those which are appointed as the guards of self-respect, modesty, and virtue itself. A tender, pure-minded woman may burn, with a joyful resignation, at the stake, and even see her child burn by her side, for her faith; but if such a woman could contemplate, with the same smile with which she looked on the stake, the shameful exposure of her person, or the degradation of her daughter, then we have yet to learn the difference between the physical instincts and the moral sentiments. If Mr. Powers aimed at such an ideal expression, then he attempted to surpass the perfection of virtue itself, nay, to confound its holiest distinctions—to dispense with its purest, most touching manifestations.

Mr. Dewey's article contains one valuable remark, which we quote, not only because it bears on a very important moral question respecting the arts, but also because its good sense is some compensation for the gratuitous adulation with which he commends this statue. He says: "There ought to be some reason for exposure *besides* beauty; like fidelity to history, as in the Eve, or helpless constraint, as in the Greek girl. Nay, according to the true laws of art, can that be right in a statue which would be wrong, improper, disgusting, in real life? I am so bold as to doubt it. Art proposes the representation of something that exists or may properly and beautifully exist in life. And I doubt whether statuary or painting have any more business to depart from that rule than poetry. And suppose that an epic poem, for the sake of heightening the charms and attractions of its heroine, should describe her as



walking about naked. Could it be endured? Nor any more do I believe that sculpture, without some urgent cause, should take a similar liberty. A draped statue can be beautiful, and can answer all the ordinary purposes of a work of art: witness Canova's Hebe, and the Polyhymnia in the Louvre—an ancient work. And I doubt not that ancient art would have given us more examples of this kind, if the moral delicacy had been equal to the genius that inspired it. I trust that Christian refinement, breaking away from the trammels of blind subjection to the antique, will supply the deficiency."

We have thus candidly expressed our estimate of Mr. Powers' genius, and we believe that a justly qualified opinion of his truly eminent talent is more creditable to himself and his country than fulsome commendation. Were art limited to the nicest mechanical imitation of physical forms, and the most exquisite expression of physical beauty, then would he be as near perfection, probably, as ever artist has been; but it has a holier aim, a loftier ideal. Mr. Powers is not without its higher inspiration. There is evidence in his productions that he can add to his present rare qualifications the exalted power of which we have spoken. Much depends, in this respect, upon the moral purity of his own purpose. If he succumbs to the prurient taste, which so generally prostitutes the fine arts to the expression of voluptuous sentiment, he will have the pleasure of pleasing the sensual connoisseurism of the age; nay, he may, as too many have, sacrilegiously turn the narratives of revelation, and the holiest scenes of human life, and even human sorrow, into occasions of nude exhibition and libertine curiosity; but if he chooses—as all the great artists and writers of his country have hitherto—to maintain the moral purity of the national taste, as transmitted by our noble fathers, and still respected among us, in art and literature at least, then may no one be able to express the debt of admiration and reverence which his countrymen of coming ages will acknowledge.

#### WE HAVE A LITTLE FLOWER.

BY A. HILL.

WE have a little flower,  
A tiny, fragile thing,  
Close sheltered in his bower,  
Unfolding with the spring,  
So delicately beautiful—so exquisitely fair,  
That Flora, in her bright domains, hath nothing to compare.  
It lifts its little head,  
Each morning, with the sun,  
And on its gentle bed,  
It droops when day is gone,

In peaceful innocence to sleep the quiet night away,  
Then greets the merry morn again, on each successive day.

O, it is passing sweet,  
As any rose can be,  
And as we chance to meet,  
It seems to smile on me,

So tenderly—so joyously—I clasp it to my heart,  
And feel a throb of pain, to think that we must ever part.

'Tis difficult to rear  
So delicate a flower;  
And O how much we fear  
That some o'ermastering power,

For purposes to us unknown, may tear it hence away,  
And leave our stricken hearts to mourn its premature decay.

We nurse it carefully,  
And all our arts we ply,  
To fit it as we may,  
For its own native sky.

'Tis not indigenous to earth, but an exotic here,  
Just blossoming like other flowers—like them to disappear.

The sun may shine too bright—  
The breeze may kiss too strong—  
The chilly damps of night,  
Continuing too long,

May wither, blast, or chill it, while most tenderly it clings  
Around the parent stem, and dies, as other beautiful things.

#### THE SAILOR BOY'S MOTHER.

BY EMMA CHARLOTTE COOPER.

SHE stood upon a rocky shore,  
As evening twilight faded fast,  
And gazed and strained her eyes once more,  
To catch a distant sail or mast.  
The tide of years her love could not destroy:  
She turned away and sighed, "My poor dear boy."

"I wonder if the holy book  
I gave him when he left his home,  
He ever reads, or turns a look  
Above the waves to Mercy's throne!  
May God prepare him for that land of joy!"  
And then she sighed again, "My poor dear boy."

"To-night perhaps he walks the deck;  
The wind is strong; the waves will rise:"  
A tear steals down she cannot check;  
And as she wipes her swimming eyes,  
Prayer, earnest, fervent prayer, her lips employ:  
"Merciful God, preserve my poor dear boy!"

## APPEARANCES OFTEN DECEPTIOUS.

NUMBER I.

BY D. S. WELLING.

THINGS are not always really what they appear to be. Men are often found to be different, on trial, from their external manifestations, as exhibited on first acquaintance. *Circumstances* frequently appear, to the hasty observer, at a distance, captivating and desirable, when, on careful examination, they produce, in the same mind, disgust and repulsion. *Theories* often rise before the mind, grand and apparently feasible, but are found to be false and dangerous, when reduced to practice. *Religious devotees* often present external evidence of true piety, yet, when detected, they are found to have scarcely the semblance of genuine religion. I speak, here, but the universal echo of human experience.

All have felt, more or less, the painful influence of the deception of mere appearances. And the virtue of caution owes much of its salutary power to the pungent lessons of experience, acquired by the tuition of errors committed under the false judgment of men and things.

But how slow are we to learn the art of prudence even from this fruitful source! How recklessly still, even under the pangs of disappointment, lured by "sights" and dazzling externals, do the enraptured throng rush on to defeat, and often to remediless ruin! A phantom arises, its brilliant colors spread out a fancy picture, a potent spell seizes the heated imagination, and the multitude start up, as by magic stirred, and pursue the retiring spectre, till, charmed away from reason and safety, they are lost in the gloomy shades of disappointment and folly.

This is the beaten course of generation after generation. Why is it thus? Is not man rational? Can he not learn wisdom from experience, and prudence from observation? One link in the chain of causes, is found in the *restlessness* of the soul, cut off by sin from its moorings in the harbor of innocence and repose. Agitated and quivering with excitement in pursuit of rest, sweet rest, it speeds away over the sea of life, grasping at every exploding bubble, now elated with hope, now almost wrecked in the storm of disappointment, till, weary and dispirited, it floats along under the reviving pressure of the gentle breezes of mercy, and while reflecting, repenting its follies, and obeying the voice of celestial Wisdom, it safely anchors in the calm waters of holiness and peace. But this is the happy destiny of only an occasional voyager. Miserable hosts, unreflecting and blind to danger, dash on the unperceived rocks, hopeless victims of deception, and perish, convulsively grasping their ideal good.

Another link in the series, is the *false estimate* placed on men and things as they appear. This estimate is the conclusion of a restless mind, wrought

out—a laborious problem—by a deceptive, unscriptural rule. This is the rule of *circumstances* and *appearances*. The mind, dark, "devoid of peace," and "prone to wander," is ever active in the constant pursuit of some "chief good." But, judging from circumstances and appearances, it too often places this anticipated good in unsubstantial shadows, as distant and uncertain as the fabled treasure at the rainbow's feet. Some place their goal in hoarded wealth, and, with corroding care, toil for years of weary days and anxious nights to pile up the "shining dust." Some put their point of aim to the dizzy height of earthly glory, and struggle up the craggy steep through peace and purity—through ease and pain, aye, through blood and treasures vast, to gain the lofty eminence. Others place their final purpose in the full enjoyment of the pleasures of appetite and company. These all estimate their "chief good" by the fatal standard of mere appearances. A few, sick of earthly good, stung by disappointment, and shocked at the "exceeding sinfulness of their sins," listen to the inward whisper of the Holy Spirit, and seek to possess "the pearl of great price." These are wise. But they who judge by the rule above stated, hold their treasure, if possessed at all, by an uncertain tenure. Their "riches," held by this fragile thread, may suddenly "take wings and fly away," and leave them in the drear world of want, deceived and unhappy. Have they wedded their affections to worldly honor? This radiant cloud, hung pendent over their lofty heads, is driven beyond their despairing gaze, by the unexpected puff of slander, or the chilling breezes of disease and death; and, bereft of their hope, they are left to mourn their sad mistake, and chide their want of wisdom by fruitless self-reproach. Perhaps this lesson of painful experience will induce them to look aloft, and seek a "crown of eternal life" in the "honor that comes from God." Have they judged their treasure of delights to be lurking in the golden bowl of pleasure? This cup, so dearly sought, and held in trembling hands, by some unforeseen mishap, is snatched from their lips, and before they have drank of its nectarean contents, they see it, in scattered fragments, at their feet. May such as mourn from these crushing reverses, be led to place their hope where God has put their help—in Christ Jesus, the weary "sinner's Friend!"

All seek happiness; but few seek the priceless gem where it may be found. Like the fevered victim of disease, the multitude sigh for rest in change of position. All seek happiness; but none find it, save the humble penitent, who bows, contrite and believing, at the foot of the cross; sighing there for moral purity, the eternal source and companion of real bliss, he rises, "filled with joy and peace in the Holy Ghost."

Reader, "be not deceived" by mere appearances; lay no stress on evanescent circumstances; but



estimate and love every thing according to its intrinsic worth. Remember, none can be "blessed"—happy, but such as "have pure hearts." Strive, then, to put forth that sublime stretch of living faith which takes hold on the glories of a heavenly immortality—an immortality unchanging and eternally sure. Debase not a mighty—a deathless soul, by "setting its affections on things on the earth."

"The spider's most attenuated thread  
Is cord, is cable, to man's tender tie  
On earthly bliss; it breaks on every breeze."

## THE DIARY OF A PHYSICIAN.

BY AN ELDERLY MAN.

THE daily avocations of our profession conduct us sometimes into interesting situations, one of which I am willing to relate, believing that some of the incidents connected therewith may be of benefit almost to every one who may read the account. There were two individuals beside myself connected with the known transaction; and as they have lived out their day and generation, and have, no doubt, gone happily home to heaven, the relation will not, in the least, interfere with or incommode the feelings of any person now living. In truth, I believe if the parties were both living, they would not have the least objection to read this account, and to see it published.

Several years ago, I received a message to visit a family, in the afternoon at four o'clock, residing on Walnut-street, persons that I knew nothing about, never having been in the family. At the hour designated I called at the house. The servant showed me into the parlor, finely furnished, where I was saluted by a gentleman, from appearances, near fifty years of age, serene countenance, medium size, plainly but quite genteelly dressed, who inquired, "Is this Dr. —?" I informed him it was, and that I had received a note that morning to call at that house at that hour. He replied, "I am the person that sent you that invitation," and then requested me to be seated. He began by saying that, from recommendations, he wished to have my advice in a very important case, which he would relate while we were alone. "I have," continued he, "been married about fifteen years; we have four children, and have, generally, thank God! enjoyed pretty good health. But within the last ten days, there has come over my wife such a remarkable change, that I am quite alarmed at her situation; and it is on her account that you have been sent for. We have, since our marriage, lived together as man and wife should do; we have raised and educated our four children so far in good reputable order; we both belong to — Church, and attend service regularly. Now, Doctor, I come to the point on which my anxiety relative to my wife's situation is so intensely excited. For a number of years past I have received

from my wife (to use a common parlance expression) a *curtain lecture*. It appeared that she could not go to sleep at all without it; the habit or propensity appeared part and parcel of her nature, and became a regular nocturnal transaction. In all situations, whether at home or abroad, and almost under all circumstances, this same lecture would be forthcoming after we got to bed. I would be accused of bad management, or improper conduct through the day; I had been very remiss in my conduct toward her or the children; I had been deficient in some of my duties to the family, and even the very servants noticed it as well as she did; had not provided this or that as I should have done, and as other men always do who have families to provide for; I had stayed away much longer than was prudent on such and such occasions; had been in such and such company, that was very improper for a man belonging to any Church to be; that I had invited such and such a one home to dine without consulting her about it. Indeed, Doctor, I need not weary you with the everlasting detail of these nocturnal lectures; suffice it to say, that she was always right and I always in the wrong. But for the last ten days there has such a change taken place in her conduct in every respect, that I am alarmed about it: instead of this fault-finding disposition and curtain lecture to me, things have turned quite round the other way; every thing I now do is perfectly right; I am praised and complimented on my good conduct and correct behavior; my wants are anticipated on all occasions; my advice is asked and followed in every needful thing; and instead of the tiresome lecture at night, on my conduct, she now says that she has done me great injustice heretofore, and petitions most humbly for my forgiveness for her former conduct; and in truth, Doctor, she is like a lamb in all her conduct, mild, obliging, peaceful, humble, and quiet, and not only to me, but to every one about the house: in fact, the change is so great, and has come upon us so very suddenly and unexpectedly, that I am fearful of some foreboding, morbid derangement, that we are not capable of discerning; and I wish you to examine her situation critically, and, if possible, detect and remedy the difficulty in its incipient condition. I want, if possible, to preserve her life, and I pray you, Doctor, not to disturb the present state of her mind; for if it only continues, I pray to God that she may live out this and the next century, for the good of all people with whom she may associate in this life."

I now inquired, "Has your conduct been regular and kind to her during your married life?"

"It has, most truly."

"Have you been sober and temperate through life?"

"I have. I take no kind of spirits, nor ever did; water is my everyday drink; and, Doctor, I omitted to state to you, that for more than one year I endeavored to reason with her on her conduct, but it

was of no use whatever; since which time I gave it up, and let her have her lecture out."

I then inquired further, by saying, "Is your wife apprised of my being sent for to see her?" He answered that she was. "Can I see her?" He arose and I followed him up stairs into a large, well-furnished chamber, where he introduced me to his wife. She was a good-countenanced lady, rather corpulent, black hair, fine shaped head, lightly covered with a cap, a small child in her lap, and a little boy sitting beside her. Her husband handed me a chair, and requested me to be seated. His lady called her nurse, handed her the child, and requested her to take the children down stairs. I now addressed her by saying that her husband had requested me to call and see her, and had given me the history of her situation, and I wished to know if she felt indisposed, and, if so, in what respect. She replied, that she never felt better in her life.

"Have you a good appetite, and does your food relish well after eating?"

"Very well, indeed."

"Do you rest well at night?"

"I do."

"Can you lie as easy and as comfortable on one side as the other?"

"I can."

"Is there any pain any where, particularly in either side?"

"Not any."

"When you come up stairs pretty quick do you discover any unusual palpitation in the left side?"

"Not any."

"Does a sudden, sharp noise in the street, or in the room, agitate your feelings, so as to make you feel excited?"

"Not at all."

"Do you remember whether there was any hereditary disease in your father or mother's family, or among your brothers and sisters?"

"Not any more than common that I ever heard of. My father is still living, a hearty old man, and my mother lived up to her sixty-sixth year, and died with but a few days sickness. I have two brothers and three sisters, all healthy people, as far as I know."

"Was there any of them, on either side, ever known to be in any way *wrong* or *alienated* in mind?"

"Not at all, that I ever heard of."

Turning to her husband, I said, "I declare I see nothing in your wife like morbid derangement in any function in her whole system; and from present appearances, we may safely say that she is in the high road to good health and a long life."

I now again addressed his lady, by saying, "There is one single question more that I wish to propound; and as you have been so good as to satisfy all my inquiries so very correctly and lady-like, I hope

you will in this unfold to me the inmost recesses of your mind freely and fully."

"Was there at any time any impression or admonition, made upon your mind, that induced you to change your conduct and behavior toward your husband?"

I found this made a strong impression upon my patient, and after a penitent kind of sigh, she said, "Yes, yes, Doctor, there was; but this is the first time that I have ever mentioned it, not even to my husband. My husband is, and has been, for a long time, in the habit, when he rises in the morning, and before he is dressed, of kneeling down by our bedside and supplicating the Lord for our preservation and protection; and on that morning, O, that ever-to-be-remembered morning, about a week or ten days ago, while he, dear man, was in the attitude of supplication and thanksgiving, while I lay in bed, there was an unusual penitent feeling came over me, and with it an admonition that gave me most convincingly to understand, at once, that I must draw nigh in prayer also to God, repent in heart and soul before the Lord, and change my course and conduct, and humble myself before the dear Redeemer, and the remnant of my days should be happy and peaceful, and that our house should be made a little paradise here on earth. All this was accompanied with a sweetness of feeling, and an illumination of mind, that I had never in all my life experienced before, and in the ecstasy of feeling I made a covenant with the Lord, that I would endeavor to do so in all my future life, and I pray that I may be enabled to accomplish it."

This development and utterance was made with that sincerity and energy that required no further witness to vindicate its veracity. I told them it had been truly said, in the book of Job, "That there was a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty gave it understanding."

#### POLITENESS EXTRAORDINARY.

A NOBLEMAN was, some years since, passing through a village in England, and was received with marked respect by all who met him on his way. Almost every one did him the compliment of uncovering and bowing his head. This the lord thought very proper and right, and did not deem it his duty in any wise to return the compliment. One little circumstance, however, annoyed him much. A boy about seven years old was leading a young calf through the main street, and could not take off his hat to the distinguished visitor. "My lad," said he, "are you not willing to lift your hat and show me some respect too?" "Most certainly, sir, if your lordship will do me favor to hold my calf." The compliment was equal on both sides, and the nobleman, tacitly acknowledging his mistake, bowed and passed on.



## THE ISRAELITES.

BY H. P. JOHNSTON.

THAT, in the reign of Hoshea, king of Israel, "the Lord removed Israel out of his sight," and that they were carried, by Shalmaneser, into the land of captivity, is a fact so well established, and so generally known, that it need not be proved. We are told that Israel did that which was evil in the sight of the Lord; in consequence of which God poured out the phials of his wrath upon him. Hoshea was fallen—Israel was captive. No longer did the salutation, "O, king, live for ever!" soothe his ear; no longer did the base flatterer shrink beneath his tyrannical frown; no longer did the detestable sycophants, who had risen above zero while basking in the sunshine of royal prosperity, meet his eye; no longer did sweet perfumes of incense rise in honor of the heathen gods under every green tree that crowned the mountain heights around Samaria. All, *all* conspired to remind Hoshea of his insignificance, and to cry out, "O, king, remember that thou art mortal—remember that thou must die!"

Nor yet did Israel's lyre any longer wake to the praise of God; for this, too, hung forgotten on the willow, and was only heard to yield mournful sounds, as the passing breeze swept over its untuned strings. Where now the Levite of apostate Israel? and where is Israel? "Carried captive, and planted by Shalmaneser in the land of Media," says the holy writ. From that time the silence of death rests upon their fate, save the simple notice, "They wandered through the journey of a year and a half to the east."

But whither did they go? Theories the most wild and visionary, have again and again been presented and canvassed; but none will bear the test of a close examination. Some have thought that they remained in Asia, and took up their abode in the fastnesses of the mountains of Armenia, and that the Nestorians are their descendants. Others conjecture that they wandered to the eastern extremity of Asia, and that from *them* have originated the numerous tribes which dot the seas on the northeast coast of that continent; while many suppose that the various Tartar clans claim these lost tribes as their ancestors. A few have said, that many of them crossed over Behring's Straits, which was formerly a mere Archipelago, in which the islands were so close together, as almost to form stepping-stones or bridges for foot-passengers, and that these wandering Israelites were the ancestors of our North American Indians. We are, most of us, fond of the marvelous and the romantic: indeed, we are so delighted with it sometimes, as to catch at any thing mysterious or novel; retaining it so long as enveloped in this fascinating exterior, but rejecting it when divested of its shadowy mantle. My object is not to amuse by presenting a

highly-wrought narration or a fanciful picture, I only desire to attain the truth, as nearly as possible, by a series of comparisons between the Israelites and the Indians.

When we consider their separate traits of character, we find them strongly resembling each other, in many particulars. They are equally fond of a roving life; equally attached to the people of their kindred, and ever retaining their peculiar and distinctive marks, so as never to be confounded with other nations. The Jew or the Indian would be conspicuous amid congregated thousands. Could a son of the North American forest be mistaken for the Indian of the eastern world? Look among the nations of the earth, and mark how the peculiar features of the Israelite singles him out—the eagle eye, with a glance fiery as it is keen and piercing, the prominent nose, and the high, pale forehead, marks an individual of the rejected and despised race. Another fact, equally as remarkable, might be mentioned as appertaining to this singular people, which shows that they have ever been kept within the inner circle of Divine Providence. What a vast number of nations were upon the earth or existing in embryo at the time the Israelites were in Egypt, whose history would seem far more important in every respect *but one*—the Egyptians, the Assyrians, and the Persians; yet the sacred historian passes them all by, and turns his whole attention to a body of degraded Egyptian slaves. Why this? Because among these slaves was the ancestor of the coming Messiah—because, for fifteen hundred years, these Israelites were to preserve the holy Scriptures uncorrupted from tradition and fable—that the ancestors of our blessed Savior might not bow the knee to any but the true and living God. Ruth said, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." How beautifully and expressively does this language show the line of demarkation drawn between these highly-favored people and the heathen world! And may we not hope and believe that, as the partition wall has been broken down which separated them from the Gentile world, that when they acknowledge Jesus of Nazareth to be Immanuel, they may return to their beloved Jerusalem, and worship God once more upon Mount Zion?

I believe a Jew or a North American Indian equally fond of the land of his birth. The aged red man still weeps over the leveled forests of his ancestors. The lost ones of the fold of God, it is said, never finish the east end of their dwellings, but write upon them, "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, may my right hand forget her cunning!" The sentiment of revenge is exceedingly acute in both people. Shakspeare finely illustrates this in the Merchant of Venice, where, in the character of Shylock, the vindictive Jew is drawn so life-like—who says, "Hates any man the thing he would not kill?" And, for an instance in real life, turn to Moses, the great, the good, and the mighty in power. See you not

the fierce promptings of a heart that could not tolerate oppression, in the bloody vengeance he took on the Egyptians, for laying violent hands on his poor degraded Israelitish brother? There was something of the bitterness of hatred in the feelings evinced by Moses in this instance, though he was but avenging himself on the enemy of the people and of his God. This spirit of revenge was the probable cause of the extremely severe laws, so plainly set forth, in Leviticus, against the crime of murder; for God "knew what was in their hearts." And the Indian, does he ever forget to love a friend, or hate an enemy? Revenge is considered by him the noblest trait of his national character. Ingenuity is remarkable from the Indian chief of a thousand to the meanest of his tribes: so, also, do we see this evinced in the wily Scribe, and the peddling Jew. Their customs and manners bear a no less strong resemblance to each other. Their sacrifices and other religious ceremonies are analogous. The political government of the North American Indians is a faint reflection of Jewish polity—the divisions into tribes, and meeting in council, (and I may mention, also, that both nations feel their lordly superiority over their females, whose mental powers they hold in contempt; yet the Indians are *quite* willing to allow the physical energies of their women full development by a constant apprenticeship to hard labor.) The municipal regulations of the Indians are more moral than those of any other uncivilized people. An outline sketch (though it may be faintly remembered) of the Levitical code. Their modes of worship, as well as their belief, are similar, in many very important respects, to those of the Israelites. The Indians have the ordinance of fasting amongst them as a religious observance. Whence do they derive their superior notions about the Deity, one almighty, omniscient, omnipresent God, and the devotion with which they regard the Great Spirit? Other savage tribes bow the heart and bend the knee to stocks and stones—to forms hideous and hateful; yea, even to serpents, and to many of the most loathsome reptiles in creation. We know that even in ancient Egypt, whence, as from a centre, science and literature radiated their beams of intellectual light with unrivalled splendor, was found idolatry in the most disgusting form, as Juvenal wittily says:

"Religious nations sure, and blest abodes,  
Where every orchard was o'errun with gods."

Admitting, then, that *our* Indians are the remnants of the lost tribes, they probably emigrated to the north of Asia, and finding themselves *uncomfortably cold*, wandered on, still wending their course east, until they arrived, much reduced by hunger, fatigue, and cold, at Behring's Straits. Led on by the guiding hand of Providence, they were induced by curiosity to cross over. Wondering to find themselves in an uninhabited region, so beautiful and inviting, and feeling that they were "lords of all they surveyed,"

they doubtless supposed that God had given them this desirable region to dwell in, as they must not hope again to return to their fatherland. They proceeded to separate themselves, and to allot to each tribe a portion of land. After having exhausted the rich pastures, and thinned the hunting-grounds of the north country, they very naturally extended their territory southward, and increasing from year to year in numbers and in power, they gradually peopled the whole land. Their power stretched from "shore to shore," and the Israelite, free as air, roamed through America's noble forests, freed from the oppression of a Shalmaneser—unrestrained by the tyranny of a Hoshea. No sceptre waved over them, save that of the great God, to whom they now turned with full purpose of heart, repenting of their sinful wanderings. In these forest wilds their children dwelt; but when the spirits of the first generation fled, leaving behind them no written memorial, and the human race being so prone to forget the goodness of the Creator, the dim shadowings of tradition, handed down from father to son, naturally grew fainter and fainter, until the descendants of the lost tribes lost in truth the very remembrance of their *origin*; while their *belief, government, and manners*, of course became, during each successive generation, much more corrupted. And they are now truly "as an oak whose leaf fadeth," blighted by the hand of Time, until there now remaineth but a few withered branches to show what the noble tree had been. Age after age rolled on, and they remained unmolested, until the great Ruler of heaven and of earth saw fit to bring about a strange revolution in their condition. Then came a change, to them a heart-breaking change. Messiah had come; but the news reached not the remnant of Israel. The heavens rejoiced. Europe and Asia rang with the glad tidings of salvation. Messiah had come, offering to the lost sheep of the house of Israel, and to the Gentile world, not a probationary Palestine, as the Jews expected, for a home, no Media for exile, no Columbia for a refuge, but an eternal, happy dwelling-place in bright glory, freedom from sin, and a final refuge in the bowers of a heavenly Eden. And who should bear the glorious tidings to the scattered remnant of God's chosen people? Methinks it were an embassy worthy the shining hosts of heaven. But ruined and fallen man was made the instrument. He was called to execute the high commission: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people!" And which needed and deserved the most comfort, those who knew not that Shiloh had come, or those who lifted up the King of glory—who crucified the Savior of the world? What nation of the earth is especially called upon to tell the Indians that the work of salvation "*is finished*?"

The question may be answered by looking with a prophetic eye on that most splendid landscape, painted and exhibited in 1492. Behold what a panorama of beauty and of variety now bursts upon the astonished



eyes of Europe! A rich Arcadian shore, the golden sands of whose beach is kissed by the rippling waves of the mighty Atlantic. See, now, in a little bark, borne upon the bosom of the deep, stands the great, the first, the noble instrument of the tidings of salvation, the messenger of God's grace and goodness to Israel, bearing in one hand the Bible and the cross, but in the other, alas! a sword, which proved truly a sword of extermination. The Gentiles came; and to *them*, indeed, was given the forfeited inheritance of Israel—some for adventure, some from avarice, others to escape persecution; still they come.

Led on by an all-seeing Providence, the white man came. The shout of battle and the roar of artillery echoed through the native hills and mountain fastnesses of the Indians. The retreating hunter of the forest sees, with honest indignation, his wigwam burnt, his wife and children torn from his bosom, and slain before his eyes—the woodland, where, in childhood, he had followed his sire in the chase, leveled to make habitations for the invaders of their rights and privileges. And these enormities from those who should have come with soothing and kindness to the confiding child of nature! All this because the noble Indian would not yield, without a struggle, his property, his home, his country. All fell beneath the hand of the conqueror—nothing escaped the devastations of the fell destroyer. The forests vanished beneath the white man's axe, and the red faces disappeared with them. They wasted from the land, as the falling leaves and fading glories of autumn; and we sadden at the thought, that when another century shall have passed away, the lost tribes will, indeed, be no more.

Americans, citizens of the United States, can you look around you, on your fields of waving corn, your green pastures, your splendid public edifices, your comfortable dwelling-places, your numerous flocks and herds, without feeling your bosoms swell with gratitude to God, that he hath created you rational beings, made you a civilized people, and American citizens? And, while you bless the almighty Giver of every good and perfect gift, that he hath poured upon you these blessings of *life, civilization, and freedom*, is it not with a feeling of self-reproach that you remember the poor, desolate remnant of the Indian tribes, that occupy our western limits? You have enough, and to spare—what have they? Do you not remember that American hands have been dyed in the blood of the first and *rightful* owners of this land? Do not your very hearts bleed, when you think of the red man's wrongs? The Anglo-Saxon hath done this—the people so jealous of their *own* liberty—who threw off the yoke of England, only to come here, and place bonds upon the free-roving Indian, in defiance of our written Declaration, that “all men are born with equal rights.” Neither need we look very far back to note the injustice done to this poor people. Under

the present administration, how cruelly are they defrauded, and thus taught to hold the American name in utter abhorrence. No wonder they hate their pale-faced brethren, when they have received *evil*, and that *continually*, from their hands.

Look at the remnants of the many once powerful tribes driven to a poor tract of waste land, on the outskirts of the United States, without the *knowledge* or the *means* of cultivating it—dependent upon the bounty of the Church, to supply them, not only with the “bread of life,” but with the food that keeps soul and body together. Bound hand and foot to this barren waste of land, they are slaves, yea, *worse* than slaves.

Is not this a national sin? Should it not press like a mountain upon the heart of every American citizen? Will not their lives, their blood, nay, their lost *souls*, be required at our hands? They have been compelled to sell their lands to the government of the United States, or starve, and see their children starve. And is it for a liberal price, think ye? No. The uncultivated lands granted them by our high-minded government, as a remuneration for those taken from them, are sold to the people of the United States (who claim the right of pre-emption) at the reduced price of from *half a cent* to *ten cents* per acre. Is this in keeping with the American name? Moreover, this pitiful price per acre is often withheld on some slight pretext. The Indians are seldom paid but in the manner the monkey paid the cat, namely, over the face and eyes; and as an aged chieftain was heard to remark recently, in council, “We sell our *granted* lands to the pale faces, to save our children from starving; but our ‘great father’ out yonder takes our *lands* and keeps our *money* too.”

Where is now the spirit of '76? Washington, Jefferson, John Adams, and John Quincy Adams, are gone to a better land; but, if departed spirits can feel an interest in the passing events of this world, methinks they look with the deepest grief on the policy pursued by the land of their birth. Who is there to undertake a work of reformation, to check the tide of national avarice, by which our whole continent is likely to be deluged? Have wisdom and counsel departed from us? Are there none left to stem this torrent of ungodly proceedings? What hand shall again open to the breezes of heaven the half-furled banner of justice, liberty, and equality? Not one comes up to view. O, shade of Washington, arise, and stir up the slumbering energies of thy living countrymen, lest we, whose very life is liberty, whose very breath is freedom, should hear it whispered abroad in other lands, “Why hath the Lord done thus unto this people?” “And why suffered them so to err?” O, that my much-loved country may arise in all her moral dignity, and, as far as possible, do justice to the poor, dying aboriginals of this mighty land! Alas, if this repentance should come

too late! Hasten, O hasten, lest the just judgments of Heaven fall upon us, and we be left upon the earth, as another monument of fallen greatness—lest our pleasant places become, like Babylon of old, a receptacle for the moles and bats. May the Babylonish garment of avarice be thrown off from us ere it cling so closely, that like the poisoned tunic of Hercules, it can only be cast away in the death struggle of our glorious republic!

### THE MODEL HUSBAND.

BY FLORENCE.

THE model husband is a lover of good order. Under the impression that confusion is friendly to every evil work, the faintest semblance of it gives pain to his soul. Hence, he has no sympathy for furniture turned topsy-turvy, beds unmade, and clothes scattered pell-mell about the room. Books and newspapers, too, if tumbled around the parlor, without any particular place to rest, except upon the floor, cause him to feel unpleasantly nervous: nevertheless, he does not scold his wife or box the ears of the children because the one or the other may have been the cause of the disorder. He quietly regrets the matter, and as quietly sets about the work of replacing things; and after he has nicely arranged the books, and filed the papers, or folded them up and put them out of sight, he sits down and attends to any personal business he may have on hand, thus giving his wife the opportunity of discovering what an affectionate and obliging husband she has. He does not quote poetry, or tell her that

"Order is Heaven's first law;"

and that she must try and do better, and have things in decent appearance when he comes home; for he knows this will only aggravate her feelings and tend to her discouragement; whereas, an opposite course would kindle hope, and thus make her ambitious to keep every thing in and about the house snug and orderly.

The model husband usually stays at home. He occasionally has brought to his mind the passage which says, "Likewise, ye husbands, dwell with them according to knowledge, giving honor unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel; and as being heirs together of the grace of life; that your prayers be not hindered." From this he gathers the idea that it is his duty to stay with his family instead of absenting himself, and roving about evenings. Hence, he does not stop, after his day's work is done, to talk folly, smoke cigars, and quaff liquors at some exchange or restaurant. He feels that as a bird that wandereth from her nest, so is a man that wandereth from his home. He feels, also, that it is his duty, as much as possible, to stay at home and attend to the education and discipline of his children,

besides behaving himself seemly toward his wife, who has the first claim upon his leisure hours. As the head of the family he tries to act wisely; for he knows that in the management of a ship, if a fool be placed at the helm, destruction will ensue, and that if he who holds the helm of family government be ignorant and reckless, ruin will likewise come upon all.

The model husband always keeps a good conscience and a moderately cheerful mind. He knows very well that if destitute of either of these things, he must come in for a large share of misery. Hence, on all occasions, in private and in public, in small and in great, in action and in thought, he cultivates the habit of obeying the monitions of conscience; all other things to the contrary notwithstanding. He does this not simply on the abstract ground that it is right, but on the ground that happiness and purity of conscience are inseparably connected. Moreover, when tempted to evil, he betakes himself to prayer for deliverance, and when weighed down with disappointment or calamity, he endeavors to preserve that degree of cheerfulness in his deportment which will not lead others to suspect that he is grievously afflicted. He does not court sadness; for he knows that sadness is a sickness of the soul. He does not pour forth to his wife all his petty misfortunes, and his thousand apprehensions of the coming future; for he is assured it will do her no good. He knows that over one half his sorrows are imaginary, and consequently does not yield himself the victim of melancholy. "Take no thought for the morrow: sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." This he considers very sound philosophy, and he manages, as best he can, to act upon it. He keeps in good humor with himself, and for the best of reasons, that quarreling with himself will do no good; he keeps in good humor with the future, because it has done him no harm; and he keeps in good humor with others and all the world, because although some may have wronged him, the rest are not all rascals, or if they were, his inclination to retaliate upon them would only plunge him in deeper aggravation and sorrow.

The model husband is generally careful of his personal appearance, and always ties his own cravat. He has great mercy upon his head, and applies the proper instrument to it fully as often as he has occasion to go into company or is likely to receive visitors. He believes vigorously in the doctrine that cleanliness is next to godliness, and makes it part of his religion to attend to daily ablutions of the hands, face, neck, and other parts of his body. In his apparel he is not pragmatically punctilious, but he is punctiliously exact. He does not follow all the anomalies of fashion, and ape the fooleries of a large class of *soi-disant* great men; but he goes in for a clean shirt-collar, whether it stands up or lies down, and makes his garments comport, to the full extent,



with decency and neatness. He believes, too, that a man can get through the world with more ease in a good coat than in a ragged one, and uses his efforts to preserve it from being soiled or torn in any manner.

The model husband always speaks well of his wife. When he goes into company, and the conversation happens to turn upon domestic affairs, he does not immediately tell all the little failings and errors in housekeeping of his wife, and say that he is sorry he had not exercised more discretion in selecting a better companion when he got married. On the other hand, he says every thing favorable of her, and keeps silence in regard to her imperfections, and makes this his universal rule—never to say any thing to any body about her except it be something good. He never interferes with his wife when the latter is correcting a child, but sees that the discipline administered is followed up closely by his sanction. He does not take the crying boy or girl into his arms, and lament how much mother has whipped the poor thing, but, on the other hand, if need be, he quells the sobs and cries by a fresh application of punishment, of just such sort as his judgment dictates. He believes that Solomon understood himself when he said, "He that spareth the rod spoileth his child;" and he is not slow to act upon the inspired rule.

The model husband is a man of wealth. This, however, he did not obtain by inheritance from his father, nor by legacy from some rich relative. His possessions are of a different kind—the wealth of mind and the treasures of intellect, which can neither be bequeathed nor bartered away. Of these he is not proud, though he has more cause for pride than any person living. He bears his knowledge with humility; and while others, less informed than himself, boast proudly of their attainments, he goes along with his head properly depressed with the consciousness of human littleness even in the zenith of its splendor.

The model husband is a man of labor. He understands that his limbs were given him for necessary purposes, and, consequently, does not hesitate at any time to use them in procuring his daily food. He may have professional engagements, or, rather, he may have a profession for his support; but if his custom become so deranged as to afford him no profit, and if his circumstances are embarrassed or embarrassing, he does not delay to take off his coat and commence some work by which to maintain himself and family. Other people may sneer at him, but his conscience is too pure to be injured by a turn of the lip or a glance of the eye. Hence, he is not at all ashamed to be seen digging by the roadside or scraping the streets for a living.

The model husband is a man of piety. His religion is not the scum of professional externality, but the true feeling of love to man and God in his soul.

He believes in family prayer, and never omits, night and morning, to lift his voice and his heart to his Father above for grace to meet all the trials and duties of life with resignation and composure. He expects his wife to walk soberly and righteously, and with him set an example that will influence their offspring early to turn their feet to the testimony of the Lord. He lives himself in the expectation of rendering an account of his stewardship to God in the last day; and as the crowning of all his wishes here, he trusts, through the abounding mercy of Jesus Christ, to dwell for ever in heaven.

## CHILDHOOD.

BY AMANDA WESTON.

A BLESSING on the beaming eyes  
And smiling lips of childhood!  
They bear me back to the blue skies  
And lone walks in the wild-wood  
That well I loved in early years;  
That memory still must treasure,  
With childish hopes, and childish fears,  
And childish pain and pleasure.

A blessing on the bounding feet,  
And the clear-ringing laughter,  
That oft my coming spring to meet,  
Or sound my slow steps after;  
The tiny hands that clasp my own,  
Or wreath in warm caressing  
Around my neck—sweet be the tone  
That breathes on each a blessing!  
And most of all, on the true heart  
That dreams not of deceiving;  
That learns, from Nature's self, the art  
Of loving and believing;  
That asks not wealth or place of pride,  
But, wise without reflection,  
Sets every other gift aside  
For that of pure affection.

O, darkened as this earth has been,  
Yet beams of light undying  
Shine forth amid the shadows dim,  
All, all around us lying;  
The little ones whom Jesus blessed,  
The simple, meek, and lowly,  
Bear yet, on their fair brows impressed,  
His benediction holy.

And we, whom time's swift-rolling stream  
Is bearing onward lightly,  
May well to the lone islet green,  
Where sunbeams rest so brightly,  
Look back in love, though never more  
Our hands may cull its blossoms,  
And clasp, in parting from that shore,  
Its dwellers to our bosoms.

## THE THREE-LEGGED GRIDIRON.

BY W. G. HOYT.

"ARE you fond of broiled fish, sir, and will you allow me to help you to a piece, smoking hot, and just taken from our old three-legged gridiron?" were the first inquiries of my worthy host, after grace had been said, as we were seated around a table well spread with all the necessaries for a good and inviting breakfast.

"The three-legged gridiron!" I knew my friend Johnson could sometimes be a little facetious, and I observed, as he alluded to this household utensil, that he cast an arch look toward his amiable better half, seated opposite to him at the table, and who, despite her effort to conceal it, betrayed a little emotion by a slight crimson of the cheek and a truant smile.

Nothing more was said. The fish was served, and better fish never came from western river, lake, Long Island Sound, or Atlantic Ocean. What kind it was it makes no matter: I did not inquire. It was fresh, well cooked, and served up in the unostentatious profuseness of real New England hospitality—a hospitality which, (I mean no disparagement to the big west and glorious south,) in my rambles, I have never seen surpassed. Old Tremont could not furnish better coffee; and the cakes, in my opinion, were superior to those celebrated by the Vicar of Wakefield, which ate so "short and crisp."

While partaking of this repast, or, if you please, eating a breakfast, the three-legged gridiron ever and anon popped into my mind; and all at once I felt exceedingly inquisitive—a vice or virtue, according to the different views taken of it, I do not often indulge in; but now I really felt a desire to know why the gridiron had been introduced at the breakfast-table. A second plate of the fish serving as a preface to the inquiry, I boldly asked my friend to explain himself, when he remarked, "I alluded to it, sir, merely as a reminiscence of earlier days—of our first effort at housekeeping."

Good, thought I, for I was then younger than I am now, and had just put the question to a certain small body I wot of, and had actually asked the "old folks" whether they would give me their daughter in marriage. How I had got so far was a mystery to myself. But I had, notwithstanding my bashfulness, which it seemed never would wear off, courted a lady, obtained her consent and the consent of her parents, and the day for the nuptials had been designated. I immediately thought, therefore, here is something apropos, and was on the *qui vive* to know what was to come.

It may not be out of place just here to give a brief description of my friend and his family. He was himself at this time a little short of forty years of age, of medium stature; his eyes and hair were dark;

his features large; and an abundance of good humor played about his mouth. He was very domestic, and at the same time exceedingly social in his habits. He loved his family, and moved among them with great kindness. Faithful as a minister of Christ, conducting himself with ministerial dignity and propriety among his flock, he could, in his own house, unbend himself with the greatest ease. After the studies and pastoral duties of the day were over, he frequently spent a little time at play with his children. Sometimes they took a tumble and roll on the floor—sometimes the little ones mounted his back, when, on his hands and knees, he would give them a ride about the room. At other times, joined by Mrs. J., they all played at "Blind Man's Buff," or something else, innocent and amusing; and his wife said—of course I was never permitted to be a witness myself—that when fully engaged, he was the *greatest child* in the bunch.

Mrs. Johnson was between two and three years younger than her husband. Of a cheerful and happy disposition, she held her age remarkably well. Indeed, she was so buoyant and sprightly that I should have taken her to be some eight years younger than she was. Pious, modest, and unobtrusive, her voice was never elevated in company, so as to attract the attention or notice of others across the room. She was devoted to her family, and a keeper at home. In her husband she had great confidence, and for him entertained the greatest respect. Such was her prudence, that, in all his stations and circuits, she never involved him in difficulty by the use of the "unruly member." In all respects she was a pattern of conjugal fidelity and matronly virtues. "The heart of her husband safely trusted in her, and she did him good and not evil."

The children, five in number, were a happy group. Their bright eyes, rosy cheeks, and respectful demeanor, made them most lovely. In the midst of the circle sat my friend, like the sun in the solar system: while he gave order and regularity to all their movements, his wife and children, revolving around him like primary and secondary planets, reflected the light and happiness which his Christian cheerfulness abundantly emitted. As it regards this family, Milton spoke truth as well as poetry, when he exclaimed:

"Hail, wedded love!

Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."

After all that is said about "puppy love," and cross babies, by rickety old bachelors and squeamish old maids—two wretched classes of persons, who ought to unite together to kill their sorrows—my friend Johnson and his wife were among Cowper's "few" who taste domestic happiness "unimpaired and pure." But it is time for him to speak for himself. He began:

"In early life," said he, "I had the good fortune to see her who is now my wife. I felt, when I first



saw her, as I never did before toward any of the female sex. I *suspected* I was in love. Soon after, I met with her again, and the passion which, from the moment it was first excited, had constantly preyed upon me in my waking and sleeping moments—the way love operates—now glowed most intensely in my bosom, and my heart at once said, in the language of Virgil, "*Nunc scio quid sit amor*," (now I know what is love.) But it was a strange time for me to fall in love. I was yet young, had much to learn, and much to do before I could think of marrying. There I was, however, in love in spite of me. Shortly after I was introduced to the lady; and though she did not say so, I perceived—no matter how—that she was as deeply in for it as I was myself.

"Were you ever in love, sir?" said Johnson, and as he spoke, he looked me in the face most quizzically. I had become so interested in his narrative that I was taken by surprise, and I could not, for the life of me, reply. To deny it would not have been true; and to own it before marriage! who ever heard of such a thing? I incoherently stammered out something, but what I do not know, and blushed to my ears. And, to add to my embarrassment, my hostess set up a hearty laugh at the sudden turn in the discourse.

He continued: "Well, I need not be minute. Month after month passed away, and the time came when I must leave to prosecute my studies in another place. Miss C. and myself talked the matter over, and the result of our conversation was: *she was to wait for me, and I was to wait for her.*

"I hied me away to a strange city, finished my course of study, was licensed to preach, and received on trial in the — conference. At the end of two years, our ordinary probation, I was admitted into full connection, and ordained a deacon. More than seven years had elapsed since our first interview, and more than four since I took my leave of her whom I loved above all things else on earth. The time long looked for had finally arrived, when we were to be pronounced one."

As the last two sentences were uttered, I saw, though she endeavored to appear listless, as if occupied with the children, that a tear moistened Mrs. Johnson's eye.

"That done," continued my friend, "preparations were made immediately for housekeeping. Bedsteads, tables, chairs, hardware, earthenware, etc., were purchased, packed up, and moved off one hundred miles. Beds, bed-clothing, table-linen, towels, and all things else necessary, my good wife had got ready during our seven years courtship. Some articles of furniture were to be taken from the house of my wife's parents, and some from my mother's. All things had been sent on board, and we were taking our leave of the latter, when my sister, a generous, frolicsome girl, seeing the tears gather in the eyes of

my dear mother, now, I trust, in a better world, thought she would rally her with a little pleasantry. 'Mother,' said she, in a serious mood, 'why don't you give Henry the old three-legged gridiron?' directing 'Gin,' as she spoke, to bring it up. 'Fie, Hetty,' said mother, 'you are always full of nonsense.' 'Why,' she replied, with imperturbable gravity, 'I think you can afford to give that to Henry and Kate as a part of their "setting out." What else passed I will not relate. The old gridiron was sent on board the boat, and safely stowed away with our furniture.

"First lessons in housekeeping afford many and various reminiscences. Some persons take the love observation, double the Cape of Lookout, enter the Bay of Engagement, and actually come along side the wharf of matrimony, without a knowledge even of the elements of housekeeping. Ladies tell us in after-life of their half-baked pies, sour biscuit, heavy bread, parboiled hams, and burnt meat, and dinners without sauce, simply because it was forgotten. Such was not the case with my wife. She not only knew how to eat a good dinner, but she knew how to prepare one. And I mean my daughters shall know how to do the same.

"Arriving at our place of destination in the morning, we went to work in good earnest to get ready to live. We went without our dinner, and a neighbor served us tea; and, by eight o'clock in the evening, we were so far settled that we could comfortably abide in our hired house.

"'What will you have for breakfast, dear?' was my inquiry, as we sat upon a box, fatigued with the labor of the day, and talked over what was to be done on the morrow.

"'Father put us up a ham, and if you can get at it, we will have some of that,' was the reply. The ham was brought out, but during a long move in the excessive heat of July, it had been rendered unfit for use, and we agreed it should be turned out of doors forthwith. This was too bad. There was no market in the place, and, having fasted pretty much through the day, the thought of no breakfast in the morning, was not the most comforting. Just at this time a steward's wife sent us some fresh fish, all flapping, and just taken from the water. These were dressed, and salt and pepper having been procured at the store, the prospect of a breakfast once more was fair.

"Difficulties frequently arise from sources whence they are not expected; and how often are fair prospects suddenly cut off! 'Dear,' said my wife, in an inquiring manner, 'we have nothing to cook the fish in!' Well as she understood the culinary arts, she had never learned to boil onions, fry fish, roast meat, make soup, tea, and coffee in the same vessel; and if she had, it would have afforded no relief in the present case. We had hardware enough, but, unfortunately, it was all new, and the belief was—and on

the subject my mother-in-law had given very particular instructions—that the tea-kettle, frying-pan, porridge-pot, and dish-kettle, must be boiled out a long while in ashes and water before they were fit or safe to use.

"We were gravely poring over this subject, like two hungry politicians, more bent on the 'fishes' than any thing else, when my better half exultingly said, 'I have it; there is the old three-legged gridiron, and we can broil them!' 'Good!' exclaimed I, 'and thanks to my jolly sister.' The morning came, breakfast was served, and with hearts full of gratitude to our Benefactor, we partook of the repast which his providence had supplied.

"So, sir, when we have broiled fish we often speak of our first breakfast, and of our good old three-legged gridiron. But the gridiron is three-legged now only in name. I resolved it should be repaired and kept as a memento of the past. Two new legs, and a new front cross-bar, have been supplied. It will last us, I think, during life, and then may be handed down as a relic to our children."

Years have passed away since this interview. Great changes have taken place in my own and my friend's family. But visiting them a short time since, I found them cheerful and happy, as in by-gone days. And if this sketch—of what was to me, at least, an interesting interview—should strike their eye, they will see that I have not forgotten them, nor their—*three-legged gridiron*.

### GAMING DANGEROUS.

BY PHILEMON.

THAT individual, probably, never lived who, in the outset, resolutely and premeditatedly determined to effect his own ruin by indulgence in crime. His beginnings are silent and insignificant—his thoughts are thoughts of peace—his dreams are of safety, and success, and high renown; nor does he find himself conscious of his situation until engulfed in the abyss that terminates his course. Thus, in nature, the stream that, wild and dark, rushes madly onward to the deep, tearing up and overturning whatever opposes its progress, spurning every barrier, and delving its shores and rocky bed, at its mountain source, is but the puny rill, that

"Possesses such a feeble force,  
That vain is all the schoolboy's skill  
To make it turn his tiny mill,  
Or float the bark of fairy size,  
That weltring in its current lies."

And vice, which, in some parts of our land, sweeps with the fatality of an epidemic, polluting our inland as well as seaboard cities, and scattering everywhere fire-brands, destruction, and death, may be traced to

its origin in some innocent laxity of thought or heedless indulgence of the passions.

I am not speaking of the devotees at the shrine of libertinism and infidelity, but of a class of individuals, who, though professing to train their children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, seem to take especial care to induct them into the mysteries of iniquity. Much has been said, by its abettors, of the morality of the *theatre*—much about the propriety of religious dancing; but it was reserved to the wiseacres of modern times, to demonstrate the possibility, or, rather, the necessity, of gaming, to quicken habits of vivid perception and close thought, a demonstration in every respect equal to that which proves the feasibility of red-hot ice and drunken Christians.

I might employ arguments, but a solitary fact must show that gaming debilitates the mind, stirs up anger, and sinks all that is truly great in man. It is that of a son whose father believed that nothing would so effectually promote his intellectual advancement as the constant playing at chess. Every spare moment, every leisure hour, was devoted by the youth to this amusement. Other and more solid branches of study were neglected, or forgotten in the enthusiasm with which he followed his favorite pursuit. The board and pegs absorbed all his time while at school, and while absent. He learned but little and that little was forced upon him. He thought, thought much, thought powerfully, thought intensely, but only on one subject, and that was one of unimportance, and in its consequences wholly destitute of any thing valuable. He read and cared for nothing but his games, and was, consequently, useless to others and injuring himself.

When in his twelfth year, his father, having business in the city of Philadelphia, some hundreds of miles distant, he was permitted to accompany him as a traveling companion. The father, an ardent admirer of nature, passed most of his time on deck. The son, regardless of the beauties that lay on either hand, confined himself to the cabin, anxiously observing a company of card-players. The father entering, beheld the scene, and became, for the first time, conscious of the error into which he had run, and of the mischief which would befall his son.

Four years from the time we now speak of, that son was the inmate of the cabin of a Mississippi steam-packet, an accomplished gambler—a ruined man. The father lived; but as age silvered his head, he had the consciousness of having embittered his last days with the work of himself ruining his own son.

Such is gaming. Though aware of his guilt—though the evil of his doings be pictured in vivid colors, and though, on every hand, he beholds the wretches that preceded him, sunken in shame and disgrace, the gamester still wanders on in his iniquity, reckless of the fate of others, and of the destiny of himself here and hereafter.



TRIBUTE TO THE REV. CYRUS SAWYER.

BY PROFESSOR H. M. JOHNSON.

REV. CYRUS SAWYER died, at Delaware, O., January, 1848, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and the eleventh of his ministerial labors. He was born in the lower province of Canada, December 22, 1811; but by reason of the war between Great Britain and this country, his parents removed the next year to New York, and settled in Steuben (now Yates) county. In his twenty-first year, he experienced the renewing grace of God in his heart, and entered the family of disciples in the Methodist Episcopal Church. About four years subsequently, he was licensed to exhort, and soon after, came to reside in Knox county, of this state. In the next year, namely, 1837, he was licensed to preach, and was received immediately into the traveling connection in the Michigan conference, which then embraced that part of Ohio where he resided. The range of his itinerant labors has been within the present limits of the North Ohio conference.

The life of brother Sawyer presents one of those pleasing images of moral beauty and loveliness so rare in our fallen world. Blessed with a gentle disposition and a tender heart, he must have been, in youth, an affectionate son and an amiable companion. He had none of those strong points of character which impel to irregularity and outbreking wickedness. Passion was habitually subordinate to reason and a lively moral sense. His diary reports, as among his earliest recollections, the religious impressions he received by the lessons of his pious mother; and particularly, that when about four years of age, these feelings were eminently quickened by a sermon to which he listened on the final judgment. He commemorates, also, in terms of gratitude, the happy influence on his life of the kind and Christian spirit of the family in which he went to reside at the age of eighteen, and records their pious example as among the blessed instruments of bringing him to the Savior.

He was not, immediately after his conversion, impressed with a conviction of his duty to preach the Gospel; but as his Christian character grew and strengthened, it became evident to the Church, that he was marked as a chosen vessel of God; and though by nature diffident in the extreme, and possessed of the most humble views of his own abilities, he could yet inquire calmly at the hand of the Lord, and when the way of duty was made plain, he was ready, in the strength of grace, to take up the cross and move steadily forward.

The spiritual life of brother Sawyer was distinguished, not so much for a rapid development and powerful demonstration of unusual exercises, as for a beautiful consistency and gradual perfection of all the Christian graces. It showed, not in meteor glare contrasted with sudden darkness, but like the

light of the rising dawn, "shining more and more unto the perfect day." His experience became yearly more rich, and deep, and full of instruction. While laboring on Wooster circuit, in the year 1839-40, which was the third year of his ministerial life, and the eighth of his Christian experience, he was drawn on to seek that higher state of grace which consists in perfect consecration to the will of God. Though he trembled at the thought of professing a holiness of heart which he seldom heard spoken of by others, yet the spirit of all truth was leading him. With a steadfast purpose, and unwavering faith, he looked up to Jesus, believed and entered into the rest of perfect love. With humble confidence, he made known the triumphs of grace; and this exalted state of blessedness he continued to enjoy so long as he continued to testify for his Master. The next year he fell into a common but often fatal temptation. The example of his older brethren, and some dissuasive words that were dropped, so wrought upon his meek and humble mind, that he began to fear it was improper in him to speak publicly of these higher attainments. He withheld his testimony, and God withheld his Spirit. For six years he walked on the borders of Canaan, but could not enter. He saw in the distance her smiling fields, her sunny hills, and shady groves, but between those pleasant delights and him was the swelling Jordan. In the fall of 1846, he was appointed again to Wooster. Here the presence of those scenes in the midst of which the Lord had before so gloriously unfolded his love, keenly revived his convictions for holiness, and now, though he had gained, in the six intervening years, much spiritual strength, and added much experience, it seemed that a more powerful adversary was permitted to war with his soul. The scene that ensued, of inquiry, of wrestling, of doubt, and of hope, was more protracted and painful than on the former occasion; but faith in Christ again brought the victory.

Brother Sawyer was blessed with a companion who walked faithfully by his side in all his itinerant labors and his spiritual warfare. When he ascended the mountain of God's holiness, she, too, rose with a new strength, and, overcoming every obstacle, pressed into the kingdom of righteousness. Writing to one of his brethren at this time, he says: "I must not fail to tell you that I have been *doubly* blest, my dear wife having also received a fresh baptism of the Holy Spirit." And after describing her conflict of soul, and her triumphant deliverance, he adds: "We met each other in a new world, and sat down together under the tree of life." In this paradise they lived the remainder of his days. They walked as in the immediate presence of God—they heard his voice speaking to them in the garden—they had Jesus for their daily companion—they fed on heavenly manna.

As a minister, brother Sawyer was eminently useful, not so much by any exhibition of extraordinary

talents in his public ministrations, as by a consistency of life which not even the wicked could gain-say, and by untiring devotion to his Master's work. With the clearness of intellect which he possessed, and the diligence of mental culture which he exercised, he might have become what the world pronounces a *pulpit orator*. But, with Wesley, his sentiment was that he dared not aim at such an end. He understood well that it was a desecration of the Christian pulpit to make it a theatre for oratorical display. The learning which he sought was that which qualified him most directly to warn and convict the sinner, and to instruct the heart in righteousness. His sermons were clear, practical, and pertinent. From his intimate knowledge of the sacred Scriptures, and his own deep and diversified experience in spiritual things, he was ever ready to bring forth lessons rich in that wisdom which edifieth. But that, perhaps, in which brother Sawyer chiefly excelled, was his pastoral care for his flock; inasmuch as he thereby happily fulfilled the most important part of the minister's avocation. He carried religion into the families of his charge, and made it everywhere a household blessing. The doctrines which he enforced from the pulpit, he illustrated at the fireside and around the social board. Living in the confidence and affections of the people, he sought only their spiritual good. His daily intercourse proclaimed that his purpose was "to know nothing among them save Jesus Christ and him crucified." In his private instructions, he possessed extraordinary power to open to the inquiring mind the way of faith, and lead it directly to the Savior. Among the last offices of his ministry was a remarkable instance of that kind. He was called from a prayer meeting at the request of a young man who was extremely ill. He went as the ambassador of God commissioned to offer life to the perishing. When he arrived, death was evidently near. The young man had a clear apprehension of his state, and eagerly inquired the way of salvation. Brother Sawyer had no fine theory to explain—no metaphysics—no philosophy—no logic; but with the solemn earnestness of one who felt that an immortal soul was at stake, he presented Jesus as the Savior of sinners. By that steady confidence in prayer of one who has proved that he has power with God, and by that simple instruction of one who knows the way perfectly, he soon made all so plain, that the penitent soul was enabled to reach out the arm of faith, and lay hold on eternal life. He gave clear and satisfactory testimony of his acceptance with God, received strength to rejoice for a few moments in this new joy, then sank away in death, and brother Sawyer returned to his meeting before it was closed, and reported another brand snatched from the eternal burning. It was on such occasions that the power of the Spirit was peculiarly manifested in him. Forgetting all else, his soul seemed to embrace

the soul of the penitent, and leading it straight up to Calvary, place it in the arms of the blessed Savior, whom he always found there waiting to receive it.

He was appointed, at the last conference, to Delaware station. Soon after his arrival, it became apparent to all but himself, that his constitution was vitally impaired, and that he was rapidly sinking to the tomb. It was a peculiarity, perhaps, of his disease, that in proportion as his health failed, he flattered himself that it was improving. His fervor of spirit carried him forward in his unremitted labors till his strength was exhausted, and when he sank to his couch, he was already too low for medical skill to accomplish much in his behalf. He lingered about three weeks, and, as every other man will, *he died as he had lived*. Religion, as it had been his living, so was it his dying theme. His soul was often unutterably full of glory. For several days before his departure, by reason of extreme debility, and a highly excited state of the brain, he had but little control over the current of his thoughts. His mind was incessantly active, and labored to express the emotions of his heart. In this condition, his sentences were not always coherent, but each thought was in itself rational and consistent. The idea to which he instantly returned was, *the amazing love of Christ in giving his own blood to wash us and make us clean*. He seemed sometimes to speak as from the spirit world, and he exhibited that peculiar phenomenon which I have seen in the case of another man eminently pious. His soul seemed to be conscious that the body and the remnant of physical life was a thing already apart from itself, and that it lingered only as other attendants—to see the sinking flame expire.

#### DEATH OF THE CHRISTIAN.

It is related of the amiable John Janeway, fellow of King's College, Cambridge, that a few days before his death, he called his brother James, and looking earnestly at him said, "I thank you, dear brother, for your love; you are praying for me, and I know you love me dearly; but Christ loves me ten thousand times more than you do. Come and kiss me, dear brother, before I die." Having, with his cold, dying lips, given the last testimony of affection to his brother, he said, "I shall go before, and I hope you will follow soon after to glory." O who would not die thus—who not wish Jesus as his friend when he comes to pass the waters of death's dark stream—who not have heaven as his portion when the world fails and recedes from his eyes, and who not desire to say, in the language of the dying saint,

"Filled with delight, my raptur'd soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd lanch away?"



## REMINISCENCES OF A CAMP MEETING.

BY REV. W. I. ELLSWORTH.

It was early in the autumn of 1839, that the writer, in company with his colleague in itinerant toil, attended a camp meeting on a neighboring circuit, some six miles north of the city of C—. The place selected for the encampment was an elevated and beautiful piece of table land, overlooking an extensive district of beautifully picturesque country, and covered with a lovely beech forest. The ground was improved by erecting a row of tents so as to form a hollow square, of convenient size, for conducting the services of the meeting. Then followed several other rows, on each side, to the outskirts; some of boards, and some of linen, but all convenient and comfortable. Thousands were in attendance from city and country. Persons of every age were there, from the grandsire of fourscore years to the rosy-cheeked urchin in its mother's arms. The ministers of Jesus, too, were there; they had come to battle for God and religion—to save souls.

As we rode slowly along, and while yet in the distance, we caught the notes of salvation as they were wafted on the wings of the breeze from a minister's lips now sealed in death. Having made our horses fast to the branches of a tree, with saddle-bags and whip in hand, we sought the preachers' tent. Here we found every thing as it should be for convenience and comfort.

The services usually consisted of four sermons each day, succeeded by exhortations, and meetings for prayer. Many were the faithful sermons, and heart-searching exhortations, delivered on the occasion. Scores were at the altar of prayer, penitently seeking the Savior, and many were made happy in believing. Time rolled on, witnessing the triumphs of the Redeemer's cause, and the progress of grace upon the hearts of the people.

Tuesday night came. Brother R., who had charge of the exercises, proposed a religious testimony meeting that night. This, to the younger ministers, if not to all, was a novel idea. We had all witnessed such meetings in the church, both in day-time and at night, but never in the grove—at the camp meeting. But all fell in at once with the suggestion.

The vast congregation were seated somewhat in the following order: the English and Germans in the front, and on the sides of the stand, the ladies and gentlemen separated by a main aisle leading from the front of the altar, through the inclosure, to the outskirts, the ladies on the left, the gentlemen on the right, and the colored people in the rear of the stand.

Thus collected and seated, the services commenced. The evening was as calm and as sweet as autumn could give. The moon and stars shone brightly in the heavens, and peered beautifully down through

the interstices of the dark foliage that shrouded the encampment. The inclosure was well illuminated by light from the lamps. A breathless stillness sat upon the congregation, when brother R. rose up and gave out the hymn commencing,

"Jesus, we look to thee;  
Thy promised presence claim."

The large assembly joined in the hymn of praise, and knelt at the shrine of prayer. Brother R. addressed the throne of grace appropriately and fervently, while many a pious heart felt to say, "Surely this is the house of God—this is the gate of heaven." Then commenced the speaking exercises. Brother R., after a few pertinent remarks on the nature and design of the meeting, proceeded to give a brief account of his awakening, conversion, and entrance upon the ministry. The stand or pulpit was filled with ministers, who, one after another, rose up in turn to record their testimony in favor of the truth and excellency of the Christian religion. This testimony was highly interesting, doubtless profitable to many. One and another rose up in the congregation to add their testimony, until many had spoken for Christ and his cause. Out of the many who spoke on the occasion, we select the testimony of a few. The first we name was a young man, a sailor by profession. He rose and said, "I, too, am a witness for Jesus. I know he has power on earth to forgive sins. One," said he, "has congratulated himself that he was converted in Ohio, another in Kentucky, another in Maryland, and still another in New York. But in this respect," he added, "I was privileged above you all, being converted on the banks of the Jordan, not five miles from the *Holy City*."

A German then stood up and said, in imperfect English, "Me converted in America, in de city of Cincinnati, among de Metodists. Me thought me good in Germany; me Lutheran. Me no feel happy then like me feel now. Me believe de Lord convert all de Germans, and make us so many Christians as our English brethren."

Africa was next represented in the person of a colored preacher, who spoke with thrilling effect upon the audience. He was succeeded by another son of Ham, a preacher, also, who came into the stand, and in his negro style spoke to the following effect: "Some eleven years ago, I come to de old camp-ground [pointing his finger] down yonder in de bottom, in one of de devil's barges, [meaning a canal boat.] As we come in de range of de guns of Zion, dey give us a broadside. I was wounded and fell overboard; but dey sent out de life-boat, and took me aboard the old ship Zion; and, I bless God, I on de old ship yet, and I spects to stay dar till she ride safe into harbor." Immediately on closing his speech, the old man commenced singing in a full and sonorous tone of voice, the song familiarly known by the name of the "Old Ship Zion," and commencing,

"What ship is this that's going to sail?"

It would be utterly impossible to give any thing like an adequate description of the scene which followed. The interest of the occasion, and the feelings of devotion, had been gradually rising from the commencement of the exercises until the present moment; they could be restrained no longer; simultaneously, and without any previously intended concert, thousands of hands were uplifted in holy clappings, expressive of the deep heart-felt joy within, while a universal shout of triumph rolled up to heaven from the immense congregation. Light, peace, and joy filled the tabernacles of the righteous, and many a pious heart throbbed with the high hopes of a happy immortality.

At this stage of the exercises, a gentleman from the congregation came into the stand, and asked the privilege of stating his feelings to the audience. Leave being granted, he commenced by giving a brief history of his life. He said he was a native of one of the eastern states—had traveled over a large portion of the world—early imbibed infidel principles—had long considered the Bible a fiction, death an eternal sleep, and immortality a dream of the imagination. "But," said he, "my infidel foundation has been swept from under me by the overwhelming testimony to which I have listened to-night. Never," he added, "did I hear such a mass of testimony from so many competent and respectable witnesses in proof of any fact before; and now," said he, "I must believe Christianity a solemn verity, or disprove the evidence adduced in its favor to-night. I desire, therefore, thus publicly to renounce my infidelity, and express my conviction of the truth of Christianity, and of my need of an interest in the Savior." He closed by saying that he arose especially to make this confession, and to ask an interest in the prayers of the Lord's people. He left the stand apparently much affected, whilst more than a thousand prayers ascended to heaven in his behalf. He was followed by another gentleman, whose history was somewhat similar, and who professed to be convinced of the truth of the Christian religion on that occasion, and also asked an interest in the prayers of the pious.

The speaking closed amid the sighs of the penitent, and the rejoicings of the people of God. A deep religious feeling was upon the whole congregation. The seats within the altar were cleared, and penitents invited forward for prayer. Some seventy-five or one hundred came and knelt at mercy's shrine—the place where Jesus hears and answers prayer. Many a seeking soul was there to confess its sins and follies before the Lord, and unburden its conscience in prayer. What a morally sublime spectacle! What a scene to gaze upon! There was bowed the sire and the son, the man of wealth and the man of penury, the dweller in the city and the dweller in the country, side by side, seeking the same Savior. Many a proud heart was bowed there, and many a hard heart was broken and

contrite at that altar. The mingled prayers of the penitent, and the pious suppliant at a throne of grace, were heard on every hand, and ever and anon the shout of triumph went up—another soul translated from the kingdom of darkness into the kingdom of God's dear son.

One of the most thrilling incidents witnessed by the writer on that occasion, was an effort of two recently-converted children to win an infidel father to the Savior. They were an interesting son and daughter. The father had been attracted to the meeting through mere curiosity, and had found his way just inside the railing of the altar, and near the entrance from the main aisle. It was while occupying this position, and gazing intently upon this, to him, novel but interesting scene, that the little son, some nine or ten years of age, espied his father, and made his way to him. As he approached, his little face beamed with joy and hope. He clasped his father's hand in his and exclaimed, "O pa, I'm so happy! I love the Lord and I love you, too;" and then commenced exhorting his father to seek the Savior and be happy, too. The father stood up with a stern countenance, and apparently unmoved. He uttered not a word, yet the language of rebuke to his boy was plainly written upon his brow. A mighty struggle was going on in the skeptic's heart; an arrow of truth had pierced it; the good and evil spirits strove together. The little son pleaded manfully religion's cause, and the people of God prayed for the victory. At this moment, the little daughter, who was some two years older than her little brother, caught a view of her father, and came to the rescue. Tripping through the congregation like a little seraph, she sprang upon a seat near where her father stood, and threw her arms around his neck, and with eyes suffused in tears of gratitude, she exclaimed, in a sweet and mellow tone of voice, "O pa, the Lord has converted my soul, and I am happy!" The father's infidelity gave way. His proud heart was conquered, and he fell upon his knees crying for mercy. The wife and the mother was there, to sympathize and pray; for she was pious, and a member of the Church. Long and severe was the struggle; but ere the sun had shed his morning beams on that beautiful beech forest, the husband, the father, the skeptic, was converted and happy, too.

Nine years have nearly sped away since the camp meeting referred to in this sketch; yet the grove, the tents, the sacred desk, the altar of prayer, with all their interesting associations, come up to the memory and heart of the writer as fresh as though of yesterday. We shall always reckon it an oasis in our Christian and ministerial life. Many have been the changes upon the Church and individuals since that time. Some who worshiped sweetly and pleasantly together on that occasion are now separated by voluntarily assumed Church lines, others by distance, and some by death, and some, it is feared,



have made shipwreck of the faith, and are again entangled in the toils of their former sins. How appropriately admonitory to one, to all, is the language of the Savior, "Watch and pray lest ye enter into temptation!"

### THE VICTIM OF CONSUMPTION.

—  
BY HARMONY.  
—

"Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,  
She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven!"

THERE are few things more affecting or more calculated to excite our deepest sympathies than to witness the slow wasting of life, and the wordless suffering of a young and lovely being—to mark the sharpened outline of their beautiful features, and feel that they are passing away to their graves in the early morning of life. It may be that they violated some physical law, and death is the penalty, or a feeble constitution might have been inherited. Be this as it may, they are early called home; and I cannot find it in my heart to mourn for those fair young beings who die in the spring-time of their existence, ere they have learned the sin and selfishness of mankind. The world to them is a sunny landscape, decked with flowers, with a bright and cloudless sky. If a few more years had been added to their brief span, how changed would have been the scene! But they are taken away ere they have experienced the "thousand ills that flesh is heir to." Their spirits pass away to the bright abode of angels unsoiled by the evils of later life, culled as the opening rosebud, because it is fairer and sweeter than the full-blown flower.

"'Tis a blessed lot and joyous  
Thus to die in early youth;  
Ere the storms of life sweep o'er us,  
Staining the bright springs of truth."

Scarce fourteen summers had strown their flowers at Fanny's feet, ere she was called home to heaven. She was a delicate flower, and seemed too frail and too gentle for the rude blasts of this stormy world; and it was but meet that she should be removed to a more genial clime, where she shall bloom in immortal beauty amid the bowers of heaven.

"'Twas an angel visited the green earth,  
And took the flower away."

Fanny was a sweet and beautiful girl, just verging from the child to womanhood. As yet no vanity was in her heart—no foolish pride had ever found access to the shrine of kindness and virtue within, while her unassuming gentleness and womanly goodness endeared her to all—"none knew her but to love her." She possessed a mind matured in thought and judgment beyond her years, with refined and sensitive feelings, shrinking from every word and look of harshness. No cloud had ever dimmed the

horizon of her existence, and, in her soul's deep purity, she looked upon all around as creations of the same pure stamp as herself.

Fanny had been early taught the great truths of religion. She dearly loved the Sabbath school; there she imbibed an ardent love for the study of the Holy Scriptures, and her young heart drank in its sacred truths with delight. Many useful and interesting lessons she gathered from the precious volume; and, more than all, it pointed her to a Savior's love, and led her wandering soul to Calvary; and, in the innocence and loveliness of childhood, she became a disciple of the meek and lowly Jesus.

Fanny dearly, deeply loved nature. She loved the beautiful flowers for their gentle teachings; in them she read a lesson of meekness and humility. Their simple truths deeply inspired her heart; they spoke of a heavenly Father's love, and of that bright sphere where flowers never fade. The association which our pure and holy religion causes to exist in the mind, between the beautiful things of earth and heaven, shone bright within her soul—a light—a ray from heaven—a stream of holy joy.

But Consumption, that cruel destroyer, early laid his hand upon her; and she, the good, the beautiful, the pure, withered in his fearful grasp—drooped away like a fair young flower. It was sad to see her gradually fading and passing away to her grave. Still she made even the approach of death lovely. How sweetly did she talk of heaven and of a Savior's love! Her Bible had always a place near her, and she found much comfort amid her sufferings in perusing its sacred pages. The rich consolations of Divine grace filled her heart with calmness and resignation, and gently led her to the "green pastures" and "still waters," which the abounding mercy of Him who has promised to be with his faithful children through the "dark valley and the shadow of death," has prepared for the tender lambs of his fold.

And when the hour of her departure came, and she was told that death was indeed at hand, a smile of inward peace and satisfaction rested upon her countenance. Affectionately kissing her dear parents and gentle sisters, she bade them not weep for her; she was happy, and was going home to heaven. Two of her young associates, who were called at her request, she took by the hand, and said to them, "Do not love the vanities of the world too well. Forget not that the Savior lived and died for you. Early seek an interest in his love. I shall expect you both in heaven; farewell. Can this be death?" said she. "O if you only knew how serene it is!" Angels seemed to hover over her pillow—an ineffable light to shine all around her, full of the brightness of a dawning heaven. O, what a glorious moment must death be to the believer! She repeatedly exclaimed, "I am happy—I am happy!" till the words died away upon her lips, and her pure spirit passed

gently away to join her sister angels in the holy courts of the blest.

"By faith we trace her shining way  
Through liquid telescopes of tears;  
Where angel minds their charms display,  
Fanny's celestial form appears."

### THE VOTARY OF FASHION.

BY MRS. H. C. GARDINER.

SHE sitteth alone where the golden light  
Of the cloudless sunset shineth,  
And the pictured forms of the mountains bright  
The mirrowing lake enshrineth.  
She heedeth it not—she heareth not  
The bird's full tones of gladness;  
Her heart is far from the rural spot,  
In the halls of mirth and madness.

At midnight she roams through the wide saloon,  
And light words and vain she sayeth;  
She feels the spell of the flatterer's tone,  
But knows not the game he playeth.  
O'er the speaking strings of the harp or lute  
Her snowy hand she flingeth,  
And the voice of the crowd is hush'd and mute  
As her magic lay she singeth.

The flush of pride to the damask cheek  
Its deepening glow now sendeth;  
In the beaming eye it seems to speak,  
A curl to the lip it lendeth.  
A sweeter, a deeper, a deadlier spell,  
The skill of the flatterer frameth,  
And O she believeth the tale too well,  
And honor and homage she claimeth.

She cometh home, from the midnight ball,  
To her chamber dim and lonely;  
But her heart is still in the brilliant hall—  
She thinketh of pleasure only.  
She taketh the jewels from her hair,  
The bracelet of pearl she unclaspeth;  
But she raiseth not her voice in prayer;  
No blessing, no favor she asketh.

She seeketh for rest, but the triumph of pride  
And beauty now haunteth her pillow;  
She wearily tosseth from side to side,  
Like the roll of the troubled billow;  
In fancy she dwelléth in regions fair,  
A world of her own she maketh;  
And she is the monarch who governeth there—  
Dominion and glory she taketh.

The sun hath arisen; it beameth bright  
On the laborer's path of duty;  
To the cot of the poor it giveth light—  
To nature it giveth beauty.

The fair one sleepeth, but even now  
Of conquest and triumph she dreameth;  
The ringlet that rests on her lily brow  
A circlet of diamonds seemeth.

O hath she not seen the floweret fade—  
The rose in its loveliness wither?  
And knoweth she not that her beauty is made  
As fragile and transient as either?  
That in the frail casket a gem is enshrined,  
That fadeth and perisheth never—  
A spirit immortal, an undying mind,  
That liveth for ever and ever?

Alas! will she barter that gem for the fame  
That the flattering worldling may give her;  
And darken its lustre and beauty to gain  
The praise of the heartless deceiver?  
Will he at the shrine of her loveliness bow,  
And worship the charms she possesses,  
When age shall have wrinkled her smooth, open brow,  
And silvered her beautiful tresses?

O, there is a beauty, the beauty of mind,  
That brightly and steadily beameth,  
And if in the chalice of sorrow refined,  
Still clearer and purer it gleameth;  
'Tis fair as the flush of the opening day,  
Or the calm, starry radiance of even;  
Unfading it shineth—its undying ray  
Is tipped with the sunlight of heaven.

### THE BETRAYAL.

BY M. E. D.

'Twas midnight hour; the garden lone  
Where Jesus knelt, was wet with dew!  
Heard you that sigh?—heard you that groan?  
Those drops were shed for you!  
Heard that prayer which from his heart  
Was wrung by fearful agony?  
"My Father, let this cup depart!"  
Yet, O, I yield to thee!"

'Twas midnight hour; in sleep profound  
The world was wrapt, when Judas' band  
Upon that consecrated ground  
Entered, with sword and brand;  
The moon and stars withdrew their light,  
And angels gazed in wonder down;  
The strength'ning seraph took his flight,  
And "Jesus knelt—alone!"

'Twas midnight hour; the traitor broke  
Its stillness with his words of guile,  
"Hail Lord!" and kissed him as he spoke:  
His troop advance the while.  
"Whom seek ye?" "Jesus." "I am he."  
He spake—'twas power; they prostrate lay!  
His friends forsook him! As they flee  
The Lamb is "led away."



## LADIES' REPOSITORY.

NOVEMBER, 1848.

## MORE TRAVELS.

WE are told, in Rasselas, that there was a curious man in the Happy Valley, who labored a long time on an instrument of flying, by which he and the discontented prince were to escape over the mountain walls of their delightful prison; but, when his wit was all exhausted, they were obliged at last to dig their passage into the great world around them.

In the vast valley of the west, however, where dwell thousands of contented princes, the invention is in actual and successful operation; and no one is compelled to remain a moment longer, in that fair land of fruits and flowers, than he is led to do so by his inclinations.

If a westerner wishes to traverse the grand tableaux of the Mississippi, he has only to step upon the deck of some of the palaces that float up and down their rivers; and he may ride twenty thousand miles, if he chooses to do so, without ever leaving the bosom of those western waters. Or, should the notion take him, as it does occasionally, to gather higher admiration of his country, by comparing it with the fairest of other regions, he may just take a seat in one of those "chariots of fire, and horses of fire," foretold by the Hebrew prophet, and away he goes toward the land of steady habits,

"Watered by the blue, blue sea,"

with such speed, that thought itself has to be galvanized to keep track of him.

All this I can say, reader, from the best of evidence; for, during the present season, I have traveled about six thousand miles, counting all ways, by the quickest modes of conveyance known to this lightning age. I will give you, in this paper, a rapid sketch of a rapid trip, as full of angles and forks, crossings and recrossings, as the track of a fox with a brace of beagles after him; and should you, at any point, get weary of it, you can skip over large spaces, without losing the thread of the narrative—because there will be no thread in it. I had prepared myself, it is true, when I started, to keep a thread of my journeyings, which I intended to unwind, at my return, for the benefit of the public; but every turn I took, jerked as I was by steam from point to point, the yarn would snap, till, when all was over, I found I had only a lot of ravelings.

## THE DEPARTURE.

I once read of a man, then living on Cape Cod, who went to his barn by the way of Boston; but, at the time, I considered it nothing but a story. The reader will suppose, however, that to go from one's residence in Cincinnati to the railroad depot, by the way of Marietta, is getting nearly into the same category. To such extravagance, however, I must make due confession; for, at the moment I was ready for the departure, I found I had an engagement three hundred miles up the river; and I was obliged, before going over the lakes, to attend to it. So, packing up what was essential for my up-river deviation, in two days and a half I set foot on the broad bottom, where lies the beautiful town of Marietta.

## RUINS OF MARIETTA.

These, fair reader, are among the great wonders of the world. The present city, with all its leafy beauty, reposes on the ruins of an aboriginal city, whose history runs far back into the brown of an undiscovered

VOL. VIII.—44

antiquity. I have not read the recent able work of Dr. Hildreth respecting these remains; but I have walked all over them, in company and alone, with my eyes wide open; and I am ready to venture an opinion, that they are not mere Indian barracks or fortifications, as many suppose them to be, but the ground-plan of a very ancient and magnificent fortified town, once holding a vast population considerably more civilized than the red races of the present age. The ruins consist of a continuous mound, in the form of a parallelogram, inclosing about forty or fifty acres of ground, with a walled passage-way from the centre of the inclosure to the banks of the Muskingum river. The included area, covered with tents, would contain a population of twenty thousand. Their boats, fastened at the shore near the termination of the great passage-way, could be defended from the attacks of their enemies; while the women and servants could fill their earthen pitchers, the broken pieces of which are so abundant within the mound, from the passing stream, and return to their tented dwellings under cover of the guardian walls. The lofty single mound, standing back and overlooking both rivers and much of the surrounding country, was undoubtedly designed and used for an observatory, from whose summit the commanding chief could survey a battle, or an assault, in perfect safety. This is my opinion of the celebrated ruins at Marietta.

## UP STREAM AND DOWN STREAM.

As I have nothing of importance to relate of the return trip, only that I arrived safely at the railroad depot in Cincinnati, after running six hundred miles to get to it, I will venture to remark, that, on the upward passage, I had the fortune to fall in company with General Butler and suite, who were just returning from the bloody fields of the south. The river being very low, and there being but few passengers on board, the few had the larger opportunity for conversation. Observing a good deal of management among the company to get an introduction to the old General, some of which were rather ridiculous to look at, I concluded I would not seek any acquaintance, but fall into one, if the chances of intercourse should so order. The chances did so order, and that soon after our departure. Meeting, by accident, on the hurricane deck alone, we found each other equally talkative; and there we held parliament, over the affairs of the nation, for about the space of four hours. This was the first sitting, or rather standing, of which we had several afterward. The General gave me graphic descriptions of two or three of the famous Mexican battles; described the manners and customs of the people; marked out the ground-plan of the great capital; and pictured to me the general aspect of the country. He tells an anecdote with a rapid, lively eloquence, laughing just where a story-teller ought to laugh, and firing up his style and manner, every now and then, with a most peculiar sort of eye-flashes. The eye of the old General, in fact, is his most distinguishing feature—small, gray, restless, and penetrating; and he uses it, whether in speaking or in meditation, with a resistless energy of expression. The lady of Mr. Butler is a very feeble woman, having but a small chance of long life before her, though she does not seem to be conscious of her danger. The General's present fate as a politician will be sealed, before this scrap can get into circulation; so that I have no hesitation in giving utterance to the pleasure I had of our two days acquaintance.

## A NEW ATTACHMENT.

On arriving at Cincinnati, I found a lady and three little youngsters ready to be *attached* to my onward movement; so, touching a moment at a well-known door-sill, then tacking about to the eastern depot, we commenced our flight to the banks of old Erie, with whose waves I had played familiarly in childhood. Now, reader, shut your eyes, and rush onward. How the hills and valleys, the streams, and woods, and little villages, run backward! You need not attempt to count the mile-posts; for you do well if you number the towns and little cities as you pass them. Hour after hour, over the lowlands and through the hills, here skirting a winding stream, there leaping frantically across a gulf, and everywhere mad with the love of speed, the horse of fire, with his chariots of fire, thunders along through the rattling world. Neither winds nor tempests stop him. Lightnings may flash and thunders roll—all is the same to him. The blackest night is to him as day. Through foul and fog, beneath heaven's sweet sunlight, or under its darkest frown, onward he goes, leaving nothing but the ghost of either time or space; and when his race is up, and you look out expecting to see him panting or breathless with fatigue, there he stands snorting and prancing, cutting all sorts of capers, as if to show you that the spirit within him never tires.

## AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE.

What, old Erie! not changed yet? Nay, the same I knew thee, when life with me was young! But thou art old, though thy years have written no new wrinkles on thy brow. Thy head, never exactly hoary, was inclined always to put on a little gray. Blue is thy vesture still; and the fashion of it changeth not, nor imparts the fickleness of the gay world. Ay, old friend, thou art here, and right glad am I once more to meet thee, and compare notes of progress, since we have journeyed on alone. Dost remember how, in other years, a poor and hapless boy used to come and sit beside thee, and talk musingly and mournfully, or pelt thee, perchance, with pebbles playfully, or lay him to rest on thy trusty bosom? Yes, thou who hast been seen in terror by the great and strong, dashing the mightiest works of mighty man to atoms, wert ever kind and gentle unto me. When thou didst battle with the elements, answering the thunder with thy roar, and quenching the very bolts of heaven with thy furious spray, I have stood near thee, glorying in the evidence of thy power; and then, a moment after, with thy green laurels on thee, thou hast turned a placid look upon me, and suffered me to run my boyish fingers through thy wet locks, and prattle with thee by the hour. But I am that little boy no more! Time, that changeth not thy years, has changed me all. I have seen struggles since I saw thee. The strong hand of necessity has been upon me. Sickness has broken the robust form thou knewest. Death has done his work among my dearest ones. Grief has worn like a canker at my heart. Sin has stricken me with pain, since the innocence of youth is gone. The sere of life is coming on me. I can be young, and hopeful, and childishly innocent no more! O, could I change, recall, or redeem the past, and restore the flowers that once bloomed around my path, I could go, at the time appointed, to my grave in peace! O, will they ever bloom again! May I hope that repentance, and trust in God, and great effort, will revive the drooping beauty of other years, or bring me a higher joy from the promised land? Let this tear, old

friend, that falls upon thy bosom, tell how sincerely I pledge my soul to live as unchangeably for the truth, for virtue, and for God, as thou hast gone on without a purpose or an aim. Let it be a tear of friendship, of remembrance, and of pity too. Of pity, truly; for thou old Erie, shalt change at last. Thy term is measured; thou shalt pass away amidst the fires of a burning world; and I, do I sincerely live as I have pledged, shall pass the grave in triumph, and renew both youth and innocence in a land of beauty, when thy existence is forgotten and unknown.

## ANOTHER WONDER.

The city of Buffalo is really a wonder, even for this wonderful land. I knew it when, phoenix-like, it was just rising from the ashes of a ruthless war. The dwelling-house of Mrs. St. John, the only one left by savage fire, stood alone, with here and there a new edifice ranging along the old streets, as if the idea of another village was not entirely given up. This was Buffalo thirty-two years ago. Then the Indian was as common as the white man in its ruined streets. Then Red Jacket was in his prime, the most manly, the most warlike, the bravest, and boldest of his tribe. His eloquence was, at that time, the subject of eulogy far and near. But the old chief had his failings. I have seen him bereft of his reason, of his bravery, of his eloquence, lying prostrate and senseless on the road. It was, in truth, a sight of the old warrior, while in this condition, that gave me my first and strongest disgust for intemperance. But Red Jacket is gone, and his tribe has nearly melted away. The little village of Buffalo has become a vast emporium of trade. The great chain of lakes, over which the first steamboat, Walk-in-the-Water, which I remember well, glided slowly like a fearful ghost, has poured down upon the city the rich treasures of the west. Clinton's Ditch, too, as the Erie canal was derisively styled when I was young, has brought up to it the business of the far east. It is now the gate of commerce between the northern portions of the east and west. Between the opposing territories of the eagle and the lion, it is the great key of war. Its history, when complete and recorded, will be deeply interesting to political economists, to historians, and to all commercial men. But I would here advise the good people of Buffalo not to believe more than half of what is said of it in the preface of their city Directory; for I know a great part of it to be mere moonshine, and that of the thinnest kind. Let them learn, that a modest truth, properly set forth, is better for them than the most ambitious tale. Let the next petty historian of Buffalo, who wishes to draw the attention of business men, instead of giving glaring details of uncertain proof, point to well-known facts, and say of it, as Webster said of Massachusetts, "*There she is.*"

## OLD SCENES.

In the immediate neighborhood of this new metropolis lies a beautiful little village, where I spent the greater part of my young days. There I was a child, a youth, and a young man. There I acquired my mother's tongue, my first lessons in society, my earliest impressions of mankind. There I attended, for the first time, the village school, and frolicked on the school-house green, and played truant, though but once in my life, in the surrounding woods. There my first friendships were formed, my purest attachments were created, my most innocent days were seen. It was there that the first glimmerings of science and of religion broke in upon my mind. It was there, too, that the desire to



know became a sort of passion, deeply settled in my soul. It was there that I began to look out upon the great world, and compare appearances with facts, and facts with appearances. It was there that the first great visions of the future, such as young minds will have, rose up like exhalations before my eyes. And there it was, reader, that I learned the mental difference, not only between man and man, but between woman and man, deriving my first glimpses of the angelic character of the softer sex from my little playmate, Julia, whom I have mourned for nearly thirty years. All these things, and a thousand reminiscences which I have not mentioned, rushed upon me, as I rolled over the graveled road and entered upon that enchanted ground. In less than twenty-four hours, I visited every place there of importance to me in my boyish days. I saw the schoolhouse where I went to school. I walked up and down the hill where I used to run. I rambled down to the cool spring, and dipped up its water in my hand, as I used to do, so many long years ago. I sat down, in fact, and picked up little light flakes of porous stone, and floated them, as I once did, on the quiet bosom of the stream. I roamed over the fields, and through the woods, and along the lanes, and up and down the glades and glens that skirt that little town. I sought out what few acquaintances time had left me, and with them recalled the pleasing but mournful memories of other days. I visited the grave of little Julia, and dropped a tear upon it, and wondered whether my earliest female friend, now in heaven, was suffered to witness my emotion, and record the token of my unwasting love. I saw other graves—the graves of my early mates—who, though stronger and halier than myself, have long since slept beneath the sod, over which we used to roam when life was new. Tears were shed, too, for the living, who had lost themselves in the mazes of intemperance and other vices, and thus buried themselves alive. As I turned my back, for the last time, upon these hallowed scenes, I picked up three small pebbles from the brink of the bubbling spring, intending to preserve them as mementoes of that childhood now for ever gone. But, reader, as one of the accidents of a traveler, I must record the fact, that even these are no longer to be found in my possession; so that I have now nothing, not a stone, by which to bring to my fancy the recollection of my early days. Farewell, then, happy scenes! Farewell, ye fields, and woods, and waving trees! Farewell, ye hills, and valleys, and glades, and winding streams! Farewell, thou noble spring, whose cool waters refreshed me, when I was young! Farewell, gentle Julia, who art now in a happier and a fairer clime, where, by the help of God, I hope to meet thee, when I have shed the last tear over the fluctuations and follies of my day!

## ANOTHER RAILROAD FLIGHT.

We are now seated again, reader, in the flying car, that wings its way from the banks of Erie to old Hudson's rippling shore. There are no incidents to such a passage. We are rushing through a glorious country, but without an opportunity to look at it. It makes one's eyes dizzy to peep through the windows upon the fields and fences as they are dancing on behind. And what of the little villages, and towns, and even cities that come and go, like the flitting vanities of the gay world? Nothing, reader, nothing at all. It is a strange folly for any writer to be so ambitious as to attempt such a thing as a set description of a railroad ride. Let us rather

keep silence, as the others do, and feel our insignificance in the presence of these great railroad officials. Let us watch the conductor, holding our tickets in readiness, and listening to what he is, every now and then, vociferating to us his subjects. But, wonderful! how we are flying! It is only a few shoots—and here we are at Auburn—sweet Auburn. Now we are at Syracuse, passing the great salt works with the speed of lightning. But we have no time to make comments. Here we are at Whitesborough, then Utica, near which latter place I first saw the light. But, reader, hasten. We are now linked to the destiny of a train of forces, which might well say:

"No pent-up *Utica* confines our powers;  
The whole unbounded continent is ours."

Rome, Little Falls, and a dozen other little towns, crowded apparently together, and then Albany in the distance. Here we are now. Get out, reader, and see to the little folks, while I am looking up the baggage. Be careful of that youngster with black eyes; for he is very apt to take a seat in the first carriage that offers, and leave us all behind. The other one, with eyes of blue, will watch my motions.

## LOITERING BY THE WAY.

I once traveled, in one of the western states, where the roads were so bad, that the best we could do was to go ten miles in exactly eleven hours. The reader will not suppose that any similar reason could have stretched out the time of our passage from Albany to Boston, a trip of only twelve hours, to nearly three weeks; but if any man can hurry down the Hudson, passing the most glorious river scenery in America, if not in the world, without lingering as long as duty will permit him, he must be on his road to an asylum for blind people.

Passing down stream as far as Coeymans, an old town settled by the Dutch, we tarried four days, making some excursions upon the islands in the Hudson, visiting the antiquities and curiosities of the place, and talking with the oldest inhabitants of that ancient region. The anti-rent country was lying just behind us, bordered by the towering Catskill; before us was the noble river, with its island scenery, and the homestead of the Van Burens; and on either side of us, not only a city, but a street of cities, reaching from Troy to New York Bay, with a magnificent stream of water, smoother than any pavement, rolling between the two opposite sides of it. Leaving Coeymans—pronounced *Queemans*—we glided slowly down the river as far as the city of Hudson, where we rested long enough to look out again upon the pageant around us. Thence we took boat, late one afternoon, for New York city, giving ourselves the opportunity of seeing the sun set behind the towering Catskill, of beholding the last tints of daylight fade away upon the valley of the Hudson, and of passing through the Highlands by moonlight. Never was there a milder, clearer, softer evening. Never shone the moon more brightly. Until two or three o'clock next morning, we sat at the door of our state-room, or sauntered among the seats on deck, marking the lights and shades of the moonlit scenery, watching the fleecy clouds gliding in their serenest beauty between the moon and the mountain tops, and tracing the outlines of the wooded banks, as they were shadowed far down in the deep clear water. As we passed through the gate of the Highlands, upon the smooth bosom of the Tappan Zee, so celebrated in the works of the classic Irving, I went to rest, filled with images of almost ideal loveliness, and

dreamed of wandering through groves and gardens abounding with bloom and verdure.

THE METROPOLIS.

Reaching the great city early in the morning, where I expected to tarry longer than I wished my family to remain at so unhealthy and hot a season, I passed directly over to Brooklyn, thence into the country as far as Hempstead, that I might leave my little charge to inhale the breezes and frolic on the beach of Rockaway. But here is the metropolis again. Here is New York, the largest, busiest, richest, wickedest, grandest, dirtiest city on the North American continent, unless some of our western towns are about as dirty. In all other respects, New York is without a rival in this hemisphere. Its population, in human beings, great and small, rich and poor, black, white, brown, and yellow, gentlemen and ladies, Americans, Jews, Turks, Roman Catholics, and black-legs, reaches the enormous sum total of about half a million. Its population in pigs no man can number. If a man wishes to see grandeur and littleness, wealth and want, triumph and despair, in their best and worst shapes, New York is the place for him. There, any thing produced by industry, or skill, or invention, can be sold for money. There, too, money will buy any thing, reasonable or unreasonable, right or wrong, lawful or unlawful, loved, prized, or coveted by man. There, every passion of the soul can be gratified, if one only has a purse to pay for what he wants:

"Where money goes before, all ways lie open."

So it was in London, as the bard of Avon tells us in the line here quoted. So it was in Rome, as we are informed by the caustic Juvenal. So it is in New York, as any one may see, who goes there with his eyes open. But there is piety in that city also. There is education, refinement, taste, liberality, benevolence, and mercy in it. There is, in truth, every thing in New York, which a man can find in all the world outside of it. It is, however, above all things else, a commercial city. The Hudson brings to it the wealth and business of the great west; the East river pours into it the trade of all New England; while the ocean, to which it holds out a beseeching hand, supplies it with the products and profits of every land and clime.

ANOTHER STAGE.

The trip from New York to Providence, by the steamer Vanderbilt, is one of the most pleasant in the world. I always prefer it to the inland routes. I love the smell of the "salt sea," and the cheerful motion of its waves. Long Island Sound, it is true, is rather snappish under a stiff wind; but even this is not disagreeable to one after the monotony of a long railroad ride. Besides, there is railroad enough on this route, from Stonington to Providence, to settle a little sea-sickness before one looks for breakfast. At four o'clock in the morning, leaving New York at the same hour of the evening before, we set foot upon the veritable soil of "little Rhody," and began to look about us for a cup of tea. This being had, the shrill scream of the fire-horse warned us to be up and doing; and, in a few hours, away we flew again, up the valley of the Blackstone, a beautiful little river, which works its passage through more than two hundred factories, if I remember rightly, to the sea. This same Blackstone river I believe to be the most laborious river in the world. Between Providence and Woonsocket, a distance of only fourteen miles, there are no less than eight or nine factory villages, with a population of from one to ten thousand each. Stopping for

a week at the latter place, enjoying the hospitality of an old and familiar friend, we had time and opportunity to look about us, and give the soul full range. One cannot look a great distance, I confess, without getting beyond the limits of Rhode Island; for, as the reader must know, it is a "mighty little" state at best. I have often thought of its littleness in other days. It is just big enough for one, good-sized, patriarchal farm. The homestead should be fixed at Providence, where the old sire could live; and there would be just room enough for his boys to settle down on the two sides of Narraganset Bay. His grandchildren, should they lack space, could swarm up the valley of the Blackstone, and thus work their passage up stream into the great world.

ANOTHER JERE EASTWARD.

The week being up, we once more put ourselves under the influence and power of steam, and a single leap, as wild as ever, brought us into the very heart of Boston. Not intending, on our passage eastward, to tarry any time in the metropolis of Notiondom, we took the cars again for Portland, on the afternoon of our arrival. We stopped long enough, however, to give and take a few hearty shakes of the hand, with a few of our old friends in the Attic city. Our passage to Portland was one not to be forgotten. Not only is there some difference between a trip of three hours, and a journey of ten or twelve, but the idea of being overloaded, and seeing the cars, every now and then, running back two or three miles to prepare themselves to climb up a grade, then waiting two hours for a more powerful locomotive, and all this in the "express train," is not so comfortable in the night without victuals or drink. The conductor, too, to add as much as possible to our good nature, very conveniently pays *himself* for waiting, by charging us full fare for little children from three to six years of age. This treatment seemed strange to me, who had just traveled more than a thousand miles, without being charged the first penny for these little fellows; and I name this last circumstance, not because I care about it, but because I promised the conductor I would do so; and I think his employers, some of whom receive and read this periodical, would be very glad to know how to reward a servant, so "good and faithful"—*to himself*, I mean—according to his works. While, also, I am speaking of this road, I will mention another thing for the benefit of my Portland friends; or, rather, I will ask them the question, whether they comprehend the reason, why a man can ride from Boston to Bangor for two-thirds the money which *they* have to pay to get them into Portland? Is this for the special accommodation of the Portland people? If it is, I hope that some people will be able to appreciate the compliment; for it does seem to me, that something of this sort is really intended. If there is any other route for a track between the two cities, I hope, in due time, they will find it. The public has been swindled by the exorbitance of this same road, and abused by this same conductor, the oldest on the track, long enough for one generation. Were it a pleasant task, instead of this hint, I could myself relate a chapter of abuses, which travelers have suffered at the hands of this their servant. But his case is not worth another sentence; and as we now set our feet upon the clean pavement of this beautiful city, let us cheer up, and go to our fine lodgings without a murmur.

A LITERARY CITY.

The city of Portland is one of the finest and prettiest



in existence. Lying on a high peninsula, if it is not an island, composed of coarse sand and gravel, its streets are all clean and dry; and from nearly every window in it, one may look out upon the deep blue water. Casco Bay, which forms the harbor, is large enough to hold half the shipping in the world. It is, also, as safe as it is capacious. The city has a heavy trade with its sister cities, east and west, along our extensive coast, besides a foreign commerce of no small amount. Its inland resources are considerable, converging to itself the business of western Maine, and a part of New Hampshire and Vermont. All it now lacks, to make it one of the great cities of the east, is the completion of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence railroad, connecting it with Montreal, now being constructed with uncommon speed. When that is done, the trade and travel of the lower provinces, from Montreal to Halifax, will come pouring into her bosom like an overflowing stream. It may then be a commercial city. It is now chiefly distinguished for its literary character. Its schools are celebrated in all respects. Its educational associations, of various kinds, are numerous and flourishing. There is a high literary feeling running through all classes. The city has produced, also, more than its share of literary men. I will mention the well-known names of Payson, Mellen, Willis, Brooks, and Longfellow; and I ought to mention, perhaps, such names as Seba Smith, the original Jack Downing, and his lady, who is a poetess and writer of eminence, and John Neal, the oddiest of all literary oddities; nor is the list full, when this number is recorded. To have given to the world a Payson or a Longfellow, would be glory enough for one small city; but to be the mother of such a platoon of genius, scarcely to be equaled by the oldest and largest cities on the continent, should make the blood of every Portlander jump through his veins more boldly.

## EXCURSIONS.

The vicinity of Portland is a great place for making trips of pleasure. There is Cape Elizabeth, and the old fort, and the beach, and the islands, and beyond them all the glorious old ocean dashing for ever on its rocky shores. All these a man must visit, or lay no claim to the lore which travelers in these parts acquire. Then, in the immediate neighborhood, there is Saco, with its beach, too, broader and more beautiful than any of its rivals. Beyond lies Kennebunkport, with its little bay, and promontory, and observatory. There is, also, Biddeford, five years ago no place at all, but now just looking out for a city charter. All these localities I visited, with my old friend, Rev. W. F. Farrington, of the Maine conference, accompanied by his wife and daughter. The joy we gathered from these excursions is to be remembered, not told. On our return to Portland, I was escorted by Dr. Augustus Mitchell, the enterprising projector of the great Sanitary Retreat of Florida, to the encampment of the Penobscot Indians on the Cape, where we spent a part of an afternoon in agreeable and rather amusing conversation. Here I saw, for the first time, the celebrated Indian beauty, Mary Louisa, known as the Penobscot Belle. I will not now say, that she is one of the noblest looking little creatures I have ever seen, with any expectation of my reader's admiring my taste, till he sees her portrait. This privilege, however, I intend to give him, having furnished myself, while in Portland, with an excellent Daguerreotype likeness of Mary, which I intend to insert in my next volume as a sort of illustrated Fashion Plate. As this is a new idea,

altogether, I will say no more of it now, hoping in due time to take my readers by surprise.

## DOWN EAST.

It has never been determined, I believe, where the east and the west are divided, though I have no trouble about the question myself. Nor am I at any loss to decide either the end or the beginning of that fabled land called "Down East." I know all about that celebrated country, and have recently traveled all through it. It lies all along between the Kennebec and Eastport. The capital of it is Bangor. So the song says; and I believe in songs. Let me make the songs of a people, and you may make their geography. Bangor, as the world knows, is the greatest place in the world—I mean for lumber. It is great, also, for other things. In the first place, it is great for hills, and plank side-walks, and blue and white clay, the same that the stickiest kind of mud is made of. Secondly, it is great for enterprise, for good buildings, for broad and beautiful streets, for shade trees, for good gardens, for splendid churches, and for the morality and refinement of its people. Thirdly, it is great for its real greatness, taken in an abstract sense, including its great men, and great ideas, and great floods, and great hopes and expectations. There is greatness, too, in its snow-storms, and rain-storms, and all other storms. It has great thunder and lightning, which roar and flash among its great hills, in awful majesty. Never, indeed, was I more impressed with the greatness of this metropolis of Down East. I feel bound to say the more of it, also, as it formed the terminus of my eastern travels. Two of the happiest years of my life were spent in Bangor. Some of the warmest and dearest friends I have on earth live in Bangor. Long may they live to enjoy each other's society! I can wish them nothing of an earthly character more worthy of them. Were it in the sphere of my duty, nothing would give me greater happiness, than to take up my abode again with them, unless it is the life one may live in the great west, the land I have deliberately chosen for my home and last resting-place. To that country, reader, let us now hasten from our eastern rambles, glancing at the world as we leisurely return. Having gathered some curious notions of men and things eastward, during my late travels, I shall remain in a state of painful suspense, till I have the opportunity of pouring them at the feet of my indulgent readers.

## THE END OF INFIDELITY.

COBBETT, in his life of Thomas Paine, gives this singular yet honest description of his friend and companion: "How Tom gets a living now, or what he does, I know not, nor does it signify much to any body here, or any where else. He has done about all the mischief he can in the world, and whether his carcass is to be at last suffered to rot on the earth, or to be dried in the air, is of very little consequence. Whenever or wherever he breathes his last, he will excite neither pity nor compassion; no friendly hand will close his eyes; not a groan will be uttered, nor a tear will be shed. Like Judas, he will be remembered by posterity—men will learn to express all that is base, malignant, treacherous, unnatural, and blasphemous, by the single monosyllable, *Paine!*" The prediction was most strikingly fulfilled; for Paine died unpitied, unwept, unhonored, despised, and condemned, and his name throughout the world is but a synonym for all that is corrupt in principle, base in practice, and ruinous in tendency among society.

## NOTICES.

**SABBATH SCRIPTURE READINGS.** *By the late Thos. Chalmers, D. D., LL. D.*—This is the fourth volume of the latest work of the noble Chalmers. It is a production in almost every sense similar to the previous works of its author. It differs from them mostly in the practical piety everywhere apparent on its pages. Dr. Chalmers has been heretofore, as we think, a little inclined to the speculative. There is nothing of speculation, so far as we have noticed, in this volume.

**THE DE SENECTUTE, DE AMICITIA, PARADOXA, AND SOMNIUM SCIPIONIS OF CICERO, AND THE LIFE OF ATTICUS, BY CORNELIUS NEPOS.** *With Notes, Critical and Explanatory, by Charles Anthon, LL. D.* *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is a neat duodecimo of three hundred and forty-eight pages, which we have examined with very decided gratification. The treatises of Cicero on Old Age and Friendship have long formed a favorite course of reading in our colleges, and are well deserving such a distinction. The annotations of Professors Anthon and Drisler, in the present edition, are, however, too copious, though not too accurate. They will hasten the student too much in his progress over the classic pages of the great Roman orator.

**HISTORY OF THE GIRONDISTS; or, Personal Memoirs of the Patriots of the French Revolution.** *From Unpublished Sources. By Alphonse de Lamartine. In Three Volumes. Volume III. With Biographical Sketch of the Author.* *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—Lamartine's Travels in the Holy Land are as fine a specimen of narrative writing as it has ever been our lot to read. The History of the Girondists is written with equal felicity of style. By his countrymen Lamartine has been esteemed; and now that France is merging from the thralldom of monarchy into the light and freedom of republicanism, every eye in Europe is fixed on him. His courage, genius, and eloquence, in connection with his deep political sagacity and patriotism, are without a parallel in the annals of modern times. The style of the present work, though somewhat florid, is characteristic of a bold and vigorous mind, and will be relished by almost all classes of readers. The third volume contains portraits of Robespierre and Charlotte Corday, which are graphic delineations of the temper of these two most notorious characters of modern France—the one a demon incarnate, the other, though possessed of great heroism, the embodiment of all that is repulsive in the female character.

**WILLIAM, THE COTTAGER.** *By the Author of Ellen Herbert, or Family Changes.* *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This is an 18mo. volume of one hundred and sixty-eight pages, written in a style of great vivacity, and with immediate reference to the improvement of youth. If we were wholly convinced of the reality of the story, we could as cordially recommend it; but we fear its tendency to fiction will preclude unqualified praise on our part.

**RAY'S ALGEBRA.** *Part First. On the Analytic and Inductive Methods of Instruction; with numerous Practical Instructions. Designed for Common Schools and Academies.* *By Joseph Ray, M. D. Cincinnati: W. B. Smith & Co., Publishers.*—This is a neat duodecimo, of two hundred and forty pages, on the subject of algebra; and, so far as our leisure has permitted us to examine it, we deem it a work of sterling merit. We

certainly are not disposed to bestow adulation undeserved upon any work, yet we must be allowed to say that this treatise is in advance of any elementary work on algebra which we have yet examined. Dr. Ray, who has been Professor of Mathematics in Woodward College, in this city, for the last fifteen years, is the very man above all others prepared to give the world a work such as would embrace the modern, most approved, and really rational methods of treating the subject of algebra. The work is characterized by great clearness and simplicity, and may be objected to by some on account of its fullness of explanation; but we hesitate not to say that there are things contained in it which will furnish wise heads and deep thinkers ample opportunity to try their best powers of analysis and thought. The work ought to have, and doubtless will have, an extensive circulation in the western country.

**THE METAMORPHOSES OF PUBLIUS OVIDIUS NASO; elucidated by an Analysis and Explanation of the Fables, together with English Notes, Historical, Mythological, and Critical, and illustrated by Pictorial Embellishments; with a Clavis, giving the meaning of all the words with critical exactness.** *By Nathan Conington Brooks, A. M.* *Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliott & Co.*—A copy of this work, the full title of which is here given, was forwarded us by our esteemed friend, Mr. John Ball, of Philadelphia, late of the firm of Sorin & Ball, of the same city, who has our sincere thanks for the favor. The Metamorphoses of Ovid, as the classical reader is aware, present the mythological fictions of Greece and Rome in a connected and attractive form, and are, consequently, a very important branch of study, so far as a knowledge of ancient literature is concerned. Mr. Brooks has exercised a correct discrimination in omitting all the fables of a gross character, as well as expurgating from others such lines as might be objectionable, on account of indelicacy. He does this, however, in a manner that does not break the chain of connection between the stories, nor mar the narrative of the fables introduced. An analysis and explanation is prefixed to each fable, which we deem of decided service to the student. The general execution of the work, so far as literary skill and typography are concerned, is very fine. The pictorial embellishments are remarkably well executed, and will tend much to elucidate the text, and to excite the mind, and to impress upon the memory of the student the full meaning of the matter before him. We cordially recommend the work to public favor.

**MAN AND HIS MOTIVES.** *By George Moore, M. D.* *New York: Harper & Brothers.*—This work is somewhat religious, but is not filled, as unhappily too many modern works are, with recondite speculations and metaphysical absurdities. Any person who is disposed to dig deep, will find in it, it is true, indications that it is based upon a substratum of difficult materials, designedly kept out of sight; nevertheless, to any one and to every one who wishes to arrive at the truth, and to see that truth exhibited in a clear, common sense way, this treatise will be invaluable.

All the above works are on sale by Swormstedt & Power, at the Methodist Book Concern, at the lowest eastern prices.

WE have on our table numerous other works waiting a notice; but publishers and our brethren of our exchanges, will please have patience.



## EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE last days of autumn are with us now. The merry carol of spring, accompanied with the passing cloud and fitful sunlight, is no longer here. Summer, too, is gone—summer, with its quiet morning twilight, its deep-hushed sultriness of noon, and its tranquil decline of evening.

The leaves around me falling  
Are preaching of decay;  
The hollow winds are calling,  
"Come, pilgrim, come away!"

The sky saddens with the gathering storm by day, and the howling wind comes round our house at night, like a famished wolf, trying the windows and doors to get in. Determined not to be disappointed of its prey, it enters the chimney, where it moans, and howls, and groans, as though it had stuck fast, and could get neither up nor down into the warm room where we are sitting. Some of our readers may have a relative or a friend far from home, and out upon the bosom of the deep, dark sea. Wild thoughts of safety or danger come pressing upon your minds, as you think of the lonely vessel ploughing its way through storm and darkness, now driven before the mighty wind, now striking upon hidden rocks and shoals, and now struggling against the giant waves that come thundering against its sides, ready to destroy it. Others of our readers will call to mind a husband or father, a brother or sister, who is absent on a journey, enduring the keen, cold air, exposed to danger, and exhausted with fatigue or hunger, while they themselves are comfortably housed and provided for. O, if we could all only seriously think of the blessings we enjoy—if we could only see the wretchedness, the utter destitution and want, of thousands of our fellow-creatures, how very differently would we act, and how much would we be prompted to evince gratitude to God, and kindness and mercy to all around us! Think, reader, of those whose poor hovels and shattered panes cannot screen them from the piercing wind—think of those whose tattered garments can scarcely cover their shivering flesh—think of the starving poor, who, after a struggle which alternative to relinquish, give up their small pittance of bread to procure fuel to warm their frozen limbs—think of the old and the infirm, the indigent and the miserable, the sick and the diseased—think of the poor widow whose cruse of oil is exhausted, whose flour is gone, and whose scanty pile of brush-wood is almost consumed. She nurses carefully the few remaining embers, suffers her helpless children to gather round the dying fire, while she retires, "content to quake so they are warmed." Let the blessing of them that are ready to perish come upon you. Labor that you may give to them that are in need. Deny yourself the luxuries and superfluities of life, or even more, that of your bounty you may administer to the necessities of "the fatherless and the widows in their affliction."

But we forget; we took up our pen at first rather with the design of answering the queries of some of our correspondents, than of talking about the departure of autumn and the approach of winter. One correspondent says, and he says something that is very true, that none wish to labor when that labor amounts to nothing. He sends an article entitled, "To my Wife that is to be," and then asks whether an article from his pen, occasionally, would be acceptable. We answer affirmatively in the latter clause; but he has puzzled us some-

what in regard to the admission of the former. Not that there is any thing in a man's style objectionable, but sometimes the way he treats his subject causes its rejection. Possibly this may be the case with his article who signs himself, "Very affectionately, your prospective husband." But let him not suffer the sun to go down on his wrath if we should be so wicked as to file his piece away in the pigeon-hole of the rejected. Try again, my dear sir, and we will yet shake hands and agree. Brevity, clearness, terseness of diction, and suitableness of themes, constitute the great secret of success with all periodical writers. No man should write upon any subject unless he has thought thoroughly upon it, and no man should write so much or so carelessly as to be ignorant of what he is writing about. This is the too common fault of inexperienced writers. They write too much, while they do not *think* half enough. Another fault with them, too, is that of supposing to improve themselves by writing poetry: in other words, of getting the final syllables of certain words to jingle. No one should think of writing rhyme or blank verse even, until he has written prose at least six years.

Our readers will expect a word from us in their behalf. We certainly have not much of the spirit of boasting in us, yet we will say that we intend doing large things for you. We have made full arrangements for contributions from some of the very best pens of the age. We do not say that we shall outstrip our contemporaries altogether in literary taste and finish of articles, but we will say, that, by honorable competition, we intend to be equal to the very best. Our engravings, too, will be of the very first order, consisting of such designs as shall readily enlist the attention and the intellect of the reader, and executed in the highest style of artistic excellence.

Our late trip east brought us in a very heavy increase of our subscription list, and many thanks to our brethren beyond the mountains for their favors; but we are not satisfied yet. We wish to see the west coming up to the work. We are a great people here; we have great cities and great farms, and we read and make great books. Let us come up to the task of doing a great work in sustaining the Repository among all our borders.

We are the more earnest in our plea, because the present age demands something for its reading different and more solid than that afforded by the generality of the periodical press. We need never expect to make any very decided advances in pure literature, until we can read and relish subjects of a high moral tone, discussed, too, in a tone of equal high-mindedness and purity. Opposition we shall have, and we shall expect to have; but so long as sustained by the consciousness of doing right, we shall proceed with cheerfulness and alacrity in our work. Light literature is the order of the day. With this the newspapers and monthlies are flooded—with this the people fill themselves to satiety. It becomes the religious press, therefore, to furnish such matter as shall afford useful and entertaining reading to all classes of readers. We know how difficult this is, but shall, nevertheless, use every effort to effect this end, and flatter ourselves that, possibly, in some sense, we may succeed.

Novelty and truth may easily be blended, and that, too, without any sacrifice of the latter; at least, such is our opinion, and such hereafter we shall endeavor to make our practice.



### ANTICIPATIONS.

BY ROYAL L. BRENT.

I've stood and gazed in silent wonder,  
On the glorious rising sun,  
And thought what joy those splendors yonder,  
Promised ere the day was done.

But when the noontide heat was glowing,  
Faint and sad I sought the shade,  
To court the west wind blandly blowing,  
From the lake-encircled glade.

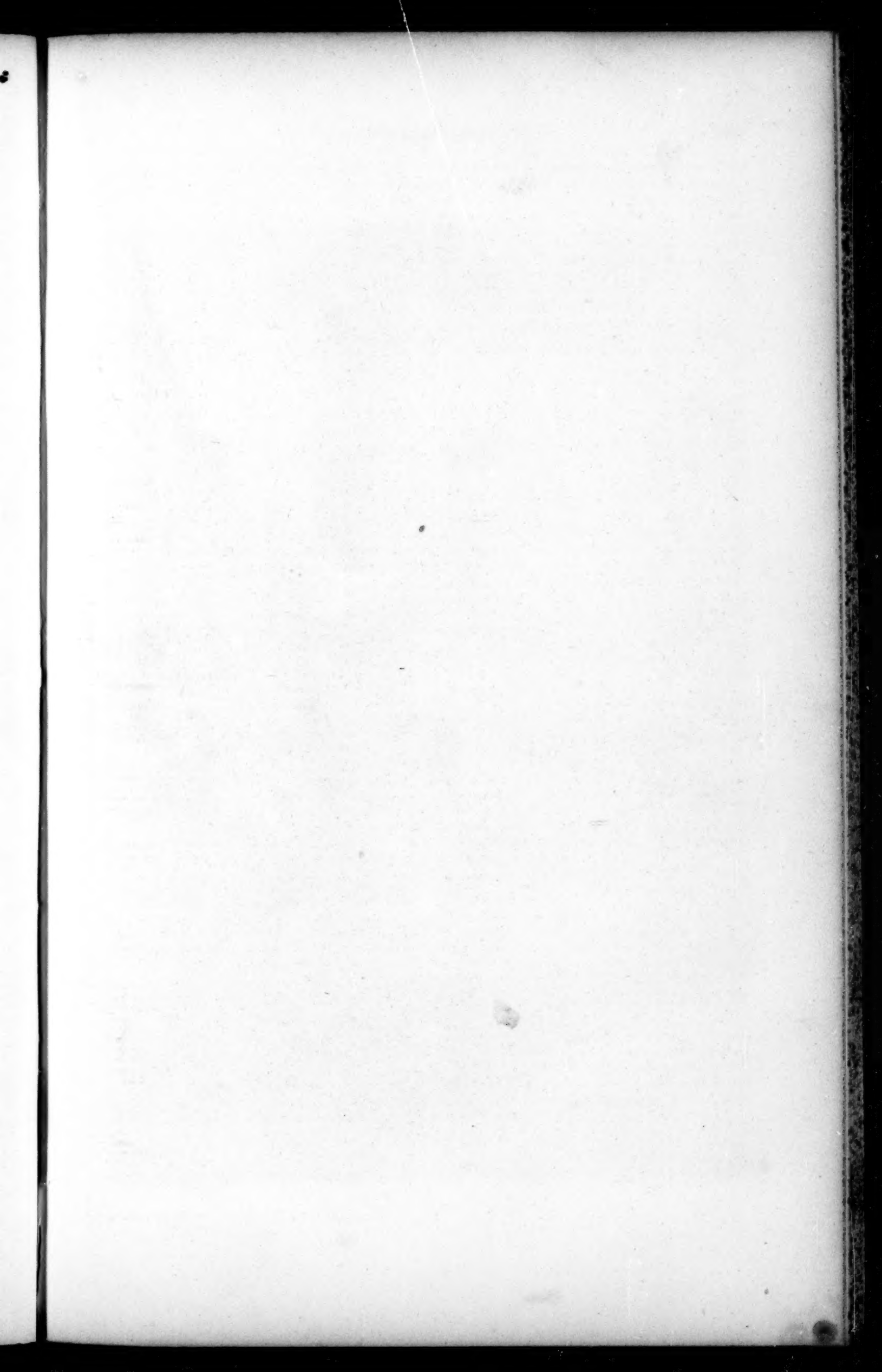
And there, on holy thoughts intruding,  
Oft I blamed the blushing morn,  
And said the day was ill-concluding  
What it promised at the dawn.

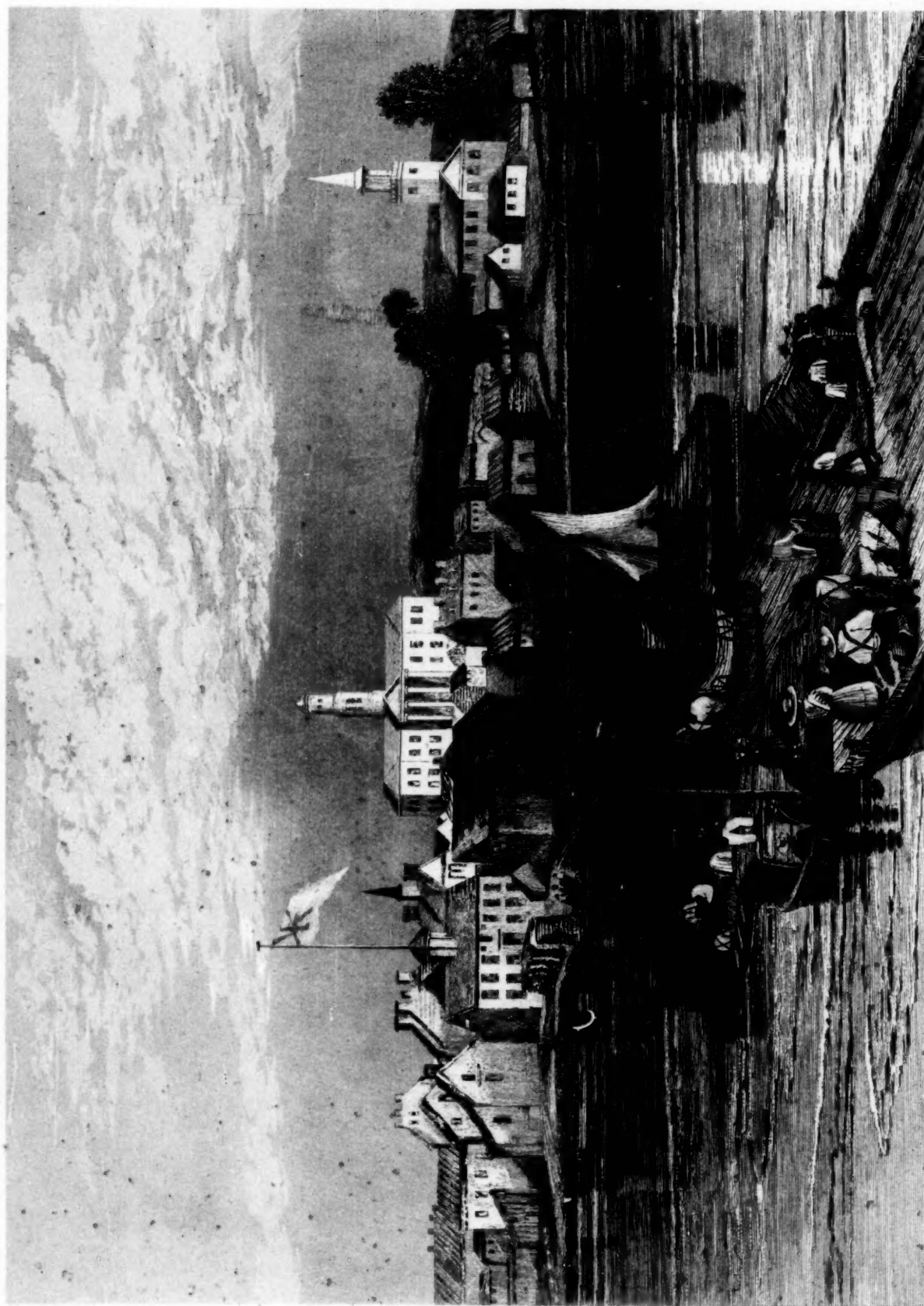
So when we view some coming pleasure,  
Decked with hope, beguiling art,  
We fondly think to seize the treasure,  
Ere its beauties all depart.

But when with greedy hand we grasp it,  
Naught that pleased us can we see;  
And while with eager joy we clasp it,  
All its fancied glories flee.









COBURG, CANADA.